

THE CHRISTIAN SUN

IN ESSENTIALS, UNITY. HOLY BIBLE. IN ALL THINGS, PURITY. 1844. 1892. IN NON-ESSENTIALS, LIBERTY.

"LOOKING UNTO JESUS THE AUTHOR AND FINISHER OF OUR FAITH."

VOLUME XLV.

RALEIGH, N. C. THURSDAY, JANUARY 7. 1892

NUMBER 1.

The Christian Sun.

The Organ of the General Convention of the Christian Church

CARDINAL PRINCIPLES.

1. The Lord Jesus is the only Head of the church
2. The name Christian, to the exclusion of all party or sectarian names.
3. The Holy Bible, or the Scriptures of the old and New Testaments, sufficient rule of faith and practice
4. Christian character, or vital piety the only test of fellowship or membership
5. The right of private judgment, and the liberty of conscience, the privilege and duty of all

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FACTS AND FIGURES.

• Better never to have been born than not to be born again. Obsta-
principles. Resist the beginnings. —
Beware of little sins. Sin will find
you out. Neglect not a great salva-
tion. Procrastination will grieve
away the Spirit. Disbelief will end
in rejection of Christ. Avoid the

deeds of Judas in the least degree, if
you would not at last come to Judas'
place. "Take heed and beware of
covetousness." Let him that thinketh
he standeth, take heed lest he fall. —
Exhortation.

The soul, in its highest sense, is a
vast capacity for God. It is like a
curious chamber added on to a being —
a chamber with elastic and contrac-
tile walls, which can be expanded,
with God as its guest, infinitely; but
which, without God, shrinks and
shrivels until every vestige of the
divine is gone, and God's image is
left without God's spirit. Nature
has her revenge upon neglect as well
as upon extravagance. Misuse, with
her, is as mortal a sin as abuse. —
Henry Drummond.

The new year keeps its secrets to
itself. What it has in store for us no
one knows save the Omniscient.
Like many others it may bring us
good, like others it may bring us evil.
But for the disciples of Christ, what
a splendid motto as we stand at its
beginning: "All things work together
for good to them who love God." We
will step forth and forward there-
fore not only with courage, but with
hope. No matter what it has to give;
it will give Christ's people its work-
ing for good. Courage. Hope. —
Selected.

Tuesday, Dec. 8, twelve more cities
voted upon the license question. In
them the "yes" column has de-
creased from 33,657 in 1890 to 31,892; a loss
of 1,765. On the other hand the "no"
vote has climbed up from 25,278 last
year to 31,342 this year; a gain of
6,064. In 1890 the "yes" vote ex-
ceeded the "no" vote by 8,379; this
year it is cut down to 550. The "no"
vote gained 364 in Brockton, 647 in
Chelsea, 1,420 in Fall River, 105 in
Gloucester, 555 in Haverhill, 378 in
Lawrence, 1,232 in Lowell, 277 in
Salem, 316 Somerville, 678 in Spring-
field, 221 in Taunton. Adding to-
gether the "yes" and "no" votes of the
24 cities which have thus far vot-
ed, we have a total vote for license
of 46,523, and for no-license 46,309.
Last year the same cities gave 50,078

for license and 39,635 for no-license.
So that the license vote has lost 3,555,
while no-license has gained 1,674, and
is only 214 votes behind in these 24
cities. We ought to have another
Thanksgiving Day!

Prof. Holden, of the Lick Ob-
servatory, by means of its great
telescope, has taken a picture of the
moon, which is said to be a triumph
of astronomical photography. Prof.
Weinek, of the Observatory of
Prague, who has probably studied
the surface of the moon more than
any other man living, helped Prof.
Holden in the delicate work of mak-
ing the negative. A feature of the
picture is the bed of a 'sea' of which
Mr. Holden says the large sea at the
left hand of the cut is the Mare Cris-
ium. Its dimensions are about 281 by
355 miles. Its area is about that of Ohio
and Indiana combined. It is, in fact,
not a sea, but the floor of a great
plain which may once have been a
sea, but which is now like one of the
small plains on the island of Hawaii,
only on grander scale. To give an
idea of the vertical scale it may be
noted that the highest mountains sur-
rounding the sea are about 11,000
feet. The professors of the Lick
Observatory are taking a series of
pictures of the moon, from which an
immense map is ultimately to be
made. The work will cost \$5,000.

There is an ice region in Alaska
that is not easily measured and a
desolation covering vast regions that
must remain perpetual. The Mount
Saint Elias region has been newly
visited and explored by a party under
Professor Russell, which has given
the summer to their researches.
Six members of the party were lost
by drowning, which cast a serious shadow
over the work of the expedition;
but this was the only mishap which
befell it. On Mt. St. Elias they
reached a height of 15,000 feet, which
they estimated to be from 3,000 to
4,000 feet beneath the actual sum-
mit. All efforts to reach a higher
point failed. Earth has secrets and
centers which the feet of man may
not tread, nor the eye of man behold.

Therefore, not wholly may he have
dominion. A careful survey was
given to the Mataspina glacier, which
is formed by the union of four prin-
cipal and many smaller glaciers, and
whose extent is larger than all the
Alpine glaciers in one. To the south-
east of Mt. St. Elias it covers thou-
sands of square miles with ice, esti-
mated to be from 1,500 to 5,000 feet
in thickness. Not until the elements
melt with fervent heat can we hope
to see the soil made bare under such
a crust of ice.

It is a source of gratification to
learn that the Pennsylvania Board of
the World's Fair at its meeting last
week at Harrisburg unanimously de-
cided against the Sunday opening of
the Exposition. This was done after
hearing the representatives of the
various religious bodies of the State
upon the subject. Rev. Dr. George
Chambers made the principal address
in presenting the many earnest
petitions upon the subject from all
parts of the State. Rev. W. A.
McCarrell and Rev. Dr. Sparrow
followed with suitable remarks. The
petitions offered represented over
800,000 church people of the Presby-
terian faith. Besides, a goodly number
of Ministers' Associations and relig-
ious societies made their voice heard.
The protest against the Sunday open-
ing was so general, so earnest and so
decided that it had the desired result
upon the fair-minded men composing
the Board. This is an excellent
beginning and will have a good effect
upon other State Boards. It will
give cheer and encouragement to the
religious workers in every part of the
land to labor more earnestly and
persistently with their respective
State Managers. Here is where
good and effective work can, and
should, be done. In this way the
National Board itself will be com-
pelled to heed the demand of a Christian
nation. If the majority of the
various State Boards are decidedly
opposed to the Sunday opening of
the Exhibition, and will listen favor-
ably to the pleadings of their religious
constituency, our nation will be saved
the disgrace of a dishonored Sabbath
through efforts of the foreign and
gain-seeking elements of the land.
Presbyterian Observer.

OUR PULPIT.



Old Age.

BY REV. JAMES MAPLE, D. D.

TEXT: We all do fade as a leaf.—Isa. lxi. 6.

There is some truth as well as much fancy in Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondence, in which he teaches that all things in nature represent things in the spirit realm. The rock is a symbol of solidity, the mountains of durability, the oak of strength, the flowing fountain of spiritual influence and power, and bread of spiritual food that nourishes and sustains spiritual life. The spring with its living green, budding flowers, fragrant blossoms, and beauty, is a symbol of childhood and youth; summer with its rich pastures, ripening harvests, and maturing fruit, is an emblem of mature manhood and womanhood; autumn with its golden treasures and blended loveliness is a symbol of old age rich in knowledge and experience; winter with its cold and dreariness is an emblem of death and the grave. "We all do fade as a leaf." This is a beautiful symbol of human life. The leaf reaches maturity through a process of development, and it is very beautiful as it is being developed. Thus the child is gradually developed into a man, and the unfolding of his powers and the development of his body is wonderful and reveals his superior nature. When matured the leaf remains the same in its outward appearance, but there is an internal change going on all the time. As autumn comes on the leaf gradually fades and changes its color, but it loses none of its beauty. Indeed it becomes richer in beauty. What a striking symbol of human life! How beautiful and lovely is the child with all its budding promises, and how marvelous its development into manhood! Years pass but the man remains apparently the same but he is not the same. An unconscious change is going on in his physical nature, and as the autumn of life approaches he begins to realize that he is not just the same man. He feels that a change has come over him, and his energies are failing. The fading

leaf clings to the bough for a time, but ultimately drops off; and is soon resolved into its original elements. Thus man lingers through the months and years of the autumn of life, but finally drops into the grave. Thus ends his earthly life.

Can it be justly said of man's whole nature that he "fades as the leaf?" The body fails and fades of necessity. It grows old and dies because it is a law of nature, but does the mind and heart grow old and fade in this sense? Is this a necessity?—Certainly not. The mind is superior to the body, and is not involved in its decay and death. The soul forms to itself its body, is not subject to its changes, and lives on when the body dies. The body grows old and feeble, but the mind is not subject to decay and death. It retains all its faculties unimpaired. The body may become feeble from age, or waste away under the ravages of disease; and the man may be physically helpless, but the mind remains unchanged. Its thoughts just as clear, its ideas as bright, its judgment as just, and its reason as strong as in the brightest days of physical manhood. The history of our race furnishes us with many illustrations of this truth. Men and women in old age have put forth the greatest intellectual efforts of their lives, and rivalled the achievements of men in the strength of their physical manhood. Socrates, at an extreme old age learned to play on musical instruments. Cato at eighty years of age learned the Greek language. Plutarch when between seventy and eighty commenced the study of Latin. Ludovico at the great age of one hundred and fifteen wrote the memoirs of his own time. Accareo, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late replied, that indeed he began it late but he should master it sooner. Franklin did not commence his philosophical studies until he had reached his fiftieth year. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. Colbert, the famous French minister, at sixty years of age returned to his Latin and law studies.

To keep the mind strong and active we must use its faculties, or they will become dull, inactive, and almost perish. I have seen old men and women whose mental powers seem to have been asleep, and they were imbecile, but they had lived in their animal nature, for sensual pleasures, and had not used their mental faculties. They read but little or nothing, and did not engage in any employment that required much mental action. When powers of mind or body are not used they deteriorate; but using them keeps them strong, and

increases their strength. J. Q. Adams lived to a great age, and retained the use of his mental faculties up to the hour of his death. His mind was never clearer nor stronger than when he fell under the paralyzing hand of physical disease in the congressional hall, but he used his mental faculties in hard study and earnest mental work daily. Luther preached almost daily; he lectured constantly as a professor; he was burdened with the care of all the churches; his correspondence, even as now extant fills many volumes; he was perpetually harassed with controversies and was one of the most voluminous writers of his day. The result was he reached a good old age with all his mental powers as vigorous as in the noon of his physical manhood. The same is true of Calvin. He lectured every other day; on alternate weeks, he preached daily; he was overwhelmed with letters from all parts of Europe, and was the author of works numerous and bulky, that any man of our day would think enough to occupy his whole undivided time, and all this, too, in the midst of perpetual infirmity of flesh. These facts show that we should never grow old in mind, but increase in mental strength and capacity for work as long as we live here; and, doubtless when we put off this body and are freed from its limitations, we shall grow in wisdom, knowledge, and mental power. Here the mind manifests itself through the brain and nervous system, and in some forms of disease the brain becomes so clouded that it is shut in, and seems to have failed: but it is only seemingly, for the mind itself remains unimpaired. Man does not lose his faculties by the destruction of his eyes, but the windows through which he looked out upon the outer world are darkened, and he cannot see out.

A man should never grow old in heart. This is not a necessary law of our nature. Our hearts should ever remain young. We should never lose the tenderness, love, warm affection, and sympathy of childhood and youth. These should grow with our growth, and strengthen with our strength. A man may grow into manhood, and grapple with the business of life earnestly; but he may, and should, retain the loving tenderness of childhood. He may plunge into the fierce conflict on the great battle field of life, and fight bravely, but he should retain the warm sympathy and love of youth. He should not grow hard hearted and unfeeling. Men and women have passed through all the trials and struggles of life and yet remained tender, loving, gentle, and affectionate. Their heart did not grow old. It remained as tender as a child's. Here we are subject to suffering and sorrow. Our plans fail,

and we do not realize our hopes. Loved ones die and we are left lonely and sad. Sickness comes and our strength fails. Darkness gathers around our pathway, but we should not grow gloomy, and give up in despair. We should cultivate a cheerful spirit and look above the cloud to the clear sunlight that always shines in the higher realms. All the trials and afflictions of life are for our spiritual good, and we should look at them from this standpoint. This will give peace and cheerfulness. It was this that sustained Paul in the midst of his terrible trials. He could say in the calm, cheerful composure of triumphant faith and hope, "we know that all things work together for good to them that love God." Assured of this we can even "glory in tribulation also; knowing that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience; and experience hope." Animated by the love of God, and sustained by the assurance that his love and wisdom guides us in all the conflicts of life, we can maintain a cheerful, happy spirit, and "rejoice in hope of the glory of God." A military gentleman visiting the Rev. John Martin, who had long been in ill health, remarked, "If I had power over the pension list I would put you on half pay for your long and faithful service." Mr. Martin replied, "Your master may put you off on half pay in your old age, but my master will not serve me so meanly. He will give me full pay. Through grace I expect a full reward." In his old age Wilberforce remarked, "I can scarcely understand why my life is spared so long, except it be to show that a man can be as happy without a fortune as with one." And soon after when his last daughter died he writes, "I have often heard that sailors on a voyage will drink, 'friends astern,' till they are half way over, then 'friends ahead.' With me it has been 'friends ahead' this long time."

To retain a cheerful, happy spirit in old age we must cultivate the spirit of Christ, live a pure life, practice the spirit of benevolence, and love all mankind. We must never fret nor worry. John Wesley preached on an average fifteen sermons a week. Instead of breaking down under it, when seventy-three years old he writes that he is far abler to write and preach than when three and twenty. His brow was smooth, his complexion ruddy, and his voice strong and clear, so that an audience of thirty thousand could hear him without difficulty. His vigor he ascribes to continued travel, early rising, good sleep and an even temper. "I feel and grieve; but, by the grace of God, I fret at nothing."

We should look after our bodily

health, and maintain strong faith in the wisdom, love and power of God. This will keep us cheerful and happy. Some men destroy their peace of mind, and cloud their future, by cultivating a doubtful spirit. We should keep in the sunshine of God's love by cultivating a trustful spirit, and walking in obedience to his commands.

I have somewhere, writes Dr. Conford, read that the great Swiss writer, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, was grievously troubled with doubts during his student days. He went to his old, experienced teacher for help. The veteran refused to discuss them, and said: "Were I to rid you of these doubts, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus be really to you the Son of God, an Almighty Saviour, and his light will dispel the darkness, and his Spirit will lead you into all truth." The old man was right. He saw that the young student was falling into a sinful habit that would grow worse by tampering with it. To attempt to poke away the clouds with your own hands is sheer folly. Your true course is to plant yourselves in the clear, broad sunshine of Jesus Christ, and stay there.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, is a line that ought to be said or sung every hour of the Christian's life. Some good people are the prey of naturally despondent temperaments. Such need a double supply of grace, and must pray for it. So must they whose digestion is weak and whose nerves are over-sensitive. The worries of business or household cares, the loss of sleep, or the derangement of the bodily machinery, put such Christian folk under a cloud very often. To-day they sing like larks; to-morrow the barometer goes down, and they are in the dumps again. Such people should look after their bodily health as a spiritual duty.

It is a solemn thing to die, and irreligious men dread its approach; but to the intelligent Christian there is nothing dreadful in death. As old age comes on the nearness of death is realized, and the aged Christian feels that the hour of deliverance is at hand. The Countess of Huntingdon, when eighty-four years old, said: "My work is done, I have nothing to do but to go to my Father." Blessed state of mind!

As time passes we learn more fully the impossibility of satisfying the wants of the soul with the riches and pleasures of this world, and are led to look more and more to the great future for the realization of our hope. By experience we learn more of the Redeemer's saving power, and the fullness of his love. We trust him more implicitly, and can sing with the poet:

I ask not the world of science
For proof of my Father's might.
How long the world has been swinging
Through ages of darkest night.

I question not His power
Or doubt His holy grace,
I but know my Saviour liveth,
And long to behold His face.

O beautiful faith that strengthens
As the years creep slowly on!
O beautiful hope! that cannot die,
Though the joy of the world be gone!

I love to dream of that heaven,
To picture its perfect rest
To hearts that have grown world-weary,
And reached its shores so blest.

John G. Whittier is still young at eighty-two. Time has dealt with him gently and expanded rather than constricted the warm and generous hopefulness of a nature that has always been hospitable.

Two verses from his last poems are as rich in moral impulse as an elegant sermon. The first runs:

No longer forward nor behind,
I look in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
The best of Now and Here.

That is the optimism of a well-balanced mind. The second verse, which seems to indicate the logical result of the first, runs thus:

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day,

Whittier, bending under the weight of fourscore and ten years, puts to shame the repining and whining which characterize so much of our modern poetry.

Thoughts On Christmas.

It is Christmas. Be you Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Christian, Catholic or Agnostic, all of you pay reverence to Christmas. Did you ask if Christ was born on the 25th of December? I do not know. In fact it is not at all certain on what day he was born. The members of the Council which finally fixed the day could not agree among themselves. That is a matter of very little importance. The main thing to remember is that it is enough to know that the whole Christian world celebrates this day as the Anniversary of a New and a Grand Faith. It is a festival that will live so long as the human race; for it commemorates its purest sentiment and idealizes its sweetest faith. Yes, a faith for the poor and rich. — "all that are heavy laden." A faith for the little children. — "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Yesterday my little children were writing letters to Santa Claus. This morning I saw Lilly Bell, Daniel Albright and Carrie Eugenia stealing into their spare rooms in their night gowns to find what Kriss Kringle had left in their stockings. They were so happy. This is a feast day among the Levite tribes. Among the various races of the Aryan world it is the day to which they bow in earnest respect.

My heart goes out for the afflicted homes of our land. The prevailing influenza has made this a sad, sad Christmas for many once happy firesides. Grandmother's chair is vacant. Father is at home no more. The prattling little boys and girls have had their hands folded for the last long sleep. The blessed Christ will come for his children. In our compliment of the season we say with Longfellow:

"We speak of a merry Christmas,
And many a happy New Year;
But each in his heart is thinking
Of those that are not here."

D. A. L.

Yellow Springs, O., Dec. 25, 1891.

On Division.

In the Sun of Dec. 17th, Rev. W. S. Long gives his reasons for objecting to the report of the Committee of the late session of the N. C. & Va. C. C. He objected to the boundaries suggested, "because they did not coincide with the present boundaries of the Conference." On the outside, I am unable to see anything but a technicality in the objection. The Committee suggested the division of the Conference somewhat on the following lines: "Beginning where the Durham and Lynchburg railroad crosses Eno River and running north with said railroad to the Va. line thence east with the State line to the southeast corner of Mecklenburg county, thence north and west to include the border counties of Virginia until we reach the Alleghany mountains, thence south including Surry and Forsythe counties, N. C., to a point on the N. C. railroad west of High Point, N. C., thence to include Liberty (Randolph), Pleasant Hill and Clover Orchard to the southwest corner of Orange county line to the N. C. railroad near Mebane, N. C., thence east with the railroad to Eno River and thence with the River to the beginning." Now, as these lines were only suggested, and as the starting point is certainly well within the boundaries of the Conference and proceeds to pass far beyond the limits of occupied ground by our own or any other Christian Conference and does not encroach upon any other Conference territory, but circles around to the west and then runs in to the beginning, I am unable to see anything but a technical objection that ought never to have been advanced to defeat so important a measure. Yet Rev. W. S. Long admits that just before the vote was taken he offered objections to the boundary lines proposed. He further says that "the friends of the measure did not make the main question prominent." And it may be well answered for the simple reason that all seemed to favor

the report until his objections came in, raising a question that should never have been used to defeat the measure.

Again, Rev. W. S. Long says he did not want the Convention to be hampered in the matter of lines. "I am at a loss to know how the Convention could have been hampered badly by lines which were only suggestive. And the representatives could have canvassed the matter even better when lines were suggested. So after examining the specified objections of the only outspoken opponent, I fail to see anything against the division of the Conference, but simply a technical play upon the non-coincidence of outside lines which at no point, perhaps, would come nearer than forty miles of any border church.

Now, let us have reasons for holding the Conference together, or real objections against division. I know that many of our churches would like to have Conference meet with them, but on account of its burdensomeness, they do not ask for it, and we have come very near of having to beg for a place to meet the last year or two. For this and many other reasons I am still in favor of

DIVISION.

Being Better Than Doing.

In the long run we can do more by what we are than by what we attempt, more by our characters than our activities.

To others as well as ourselves there is an inspiration and inducement in a noble and lovely character. If we stop and consider what it is which has done most to shape our thoughts and our purpose in life, we shall see that it is some winsome and impressive character which has been uplifted before us, and which has drawn us by its preeminent attractiveness, rather than by any precept or injunction which has been spoken to us by instructors. And as it is ourselves, so it is with others. Everything that raises our personal standard of thought and purpose, everything that brings us nearer to the stature of the completed one in Christ, increases our power for good and makes us more and more a power in the world about us.

When we crave the privilege of doing for others, it is well for us to realize the privilege of being for others, and for our Master, whose assurance to his loved ones is: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples;" not, that ye sow much seed, but that in pure character ye bear much fruit: "for the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness and righteousness and truth." *Morning Star.*

Our Christmas in the County Poor-House.

BY ONE OF THE PAUPERS.

Of course, you will think right away that we had lost all our money and had been sent to live "on the town" in that dolefullest of places, a country almshouse, but it was nothing of the kind.

I wonder if you would care to hear about it. It isn't much of a story, but perhaps it will serve as a hint to some girls and boys who fear this Christmas is not going to be quite so jolly as others.

You see this was the way it all happened: We had given up our city home for our first winter in dear old "Sunny Bank," our country place, nestled right in the heart of the Green Mountains. We were as happy as could be about it, and enjoyed ourselves thoroughly (as well we might, for we had plenty to amuse us, from horses down to roller skates) up to within two weeks of Christmas.

Now if we had had a true Christmas spirit we would have kept right on feeling happy and contented, but, do you know we were foolish enough to bemoan our fate and sigh for the city. We missed the gay shopping and merry bustle among our friends preparatory to Christmas. We felt lonely and isolated, and concluded just to settle down and make ourselves miserable over it. We did it most thoroughly, poor deluded children that we were, and were just in this most delightful state of mind when suddenly the poor-house loomed up, changing entirely the current of our ideas.

Father, in one of his rambles (which were different from those of anyone else, I think, for the trees and mountains seemed to speak right to him and fill him with beautiful thoughts), came upon the almshouse, and went in to make a little call. He came home and told us about it. I don't know what magic he used, but as he pictured those poor, lonely, discouraged people our hearts thawed, and we forgot all about pitying ourselves for being "miles and miles from anywhere and everybody." It makes me laugh as I think of the busy time which followed, for we had only a week, and oceans to do, and how we did work! Everyone in the house, from mother to the cook, was fussing over something for those twenty people, who went by the name of the "town's poor."

The day before Christmas we trimmed the bare walls with holly and evergreen, set up the pretty tree and tied on the gifts. And such nice things as they were, for we had talked to the matron and found what each

especially needed, beside which we gave little things to interest and please them. By this time others had caught the spirit, and when eleven o'clock Christmas day came it found the rooms just crowded.

Behind the tree sat two little girls, who sang a sweet Christmas carol, which the "paupers" (what a harsh word that is!) heartily applauded. Then the gifts were distributed, and we didn't know whether to laugh or cry as we saw the surprise and delight of these poor people.

What to give to old "Alden," a poor half-crazed man, had puzzled us immensely, but as he seemed to care for nothing but tobacco, and was always begging for it, we concluded he must be made happy, so a generous package was put into his hands. His poor, foolish face fairly beamed, and he rose and made three funny, jerky little bows as he called out, "Thanky, thanky! Good 'baccy! Old Alden glad!" and so were we.

After refreshments had been duly enjoyed, we all began to get acquainted, and would you believe that out of that Christmas meeting there grew such good Christian feeling that, after that, every Sunday afternoon we went to that poor-house and had the dearest, heartiest little services you can imagine.

The singing they all loved, and the lovely talks by the minister, who had a knack of saying just the right thing in the right way, were long after remembered.

That Christmas night three enormous belated express parcels arrived, and great glee we had over them. It was nice to know our friends hadn't forgotten us, but what "geese" we were to have thought it for an instant!

So, girls and boys, it was a "Merrie Christmas" after all, and is just one more proof of the blessedness of giving.—*Greenback.*

"Good Manager But Poor Wife."

This statement of what an affectionate, industrious, loyal woman may become seems severe, but alas! it is too true. It is the domestic version of the mint, anise, and cummin story so constantly repeated in human lives. The weightier matters of the law come from the heart and soul of the individual. They cannot be got with the labor of hands. They are of the spiritual and mental life, growing, expanding, and dominating the labor of the hands in constant proportion to the use, and, little used, leaving the man or woman sordid, petty, ignoble. And because these matters cannot be weighed or measured, but felt and experienced, is perhaps why it is that they are

harder to grasp when practical duties fill the hours. But in that grasp lies the key of such a life as shall satisfy and bless those within its influence. These spiritual qualities become vivified when transfused through a living, loving heart. They work hourly transformations in the labors of a day, making homely toil beautiful, and guiding aspirations always to kinder, tender deeds.

No one should keep these high ideals more constantly in the foreground of the life picture which each of us is daily painting than the wife and mother. The busier and more work-a-day the life, the greater should be the effort to think high thoughts, and not to let the labor descend into mere drudgery, akin to the instinctive routine of the animal. Baking, sweeping, sewing, planning—these duties take the strength and time of the majority of housewives. But every one can recall many houses where every duty is exactly performed, yet where the essence of home life has evaporated. All is immaculate, but the hearts of the family are cold. There are no cobwebs, but the minds are narrow and small. Every material possession is there, but the inmates seek pleasure, interest and sympathy elsewhere. It may seem unjust to lay so much of deterioration of a home at the wife's door, but she is the bread dispenser, and it is not alone the material food she is to give forth, but that which shall feed the ambitions, steady the purposes, and purify the hearts of those for whom she has assumed her place.

A wife who has no interest in her husband's pursuits, or who cares not to understand his perplexities, fails in her opportunities. The wife who shuts out social pleasures and relaxations because they bore her or because she is too busy errs. She either forces her husband to seek pleasures without her, and drives the first wedge of divergence between them, or else shuts him into her own narrow atmosphere. And so, through the experiences of home life, the wife fails if she looks at everything wholly from a material standpoint.

It is not strange when children hear nothing but dull repeated work that they grow up without a capacity for high thoughts, and lacking the power to resist moral temptations. Natures grow on what they feed on, and purity of motive and elevated purpose must have their roots planted and watered when the heart is young.

A woman who thinks that her house work, which well-nigh overwhelms her, is all she can do, may be sure that there is no better use for a portion of her time than to daily lift herself out of the narrow confines

of her labors, and to rest and refresh herself in new interests and broader sympathies. Any woman can do this, though all do not climb the same pathway or reach the same height. The opportunities may be few and the advantages slight, but faithfully used they will develop, and step by step the way will lead ever onward upward. And the first step in the pathway is to see what piece of work can go undone, and the time be saved, rather than how much more mint, anise, and cummin the busy housewife can crowd into her already too hurried days.

Having thus breathed the broader air, if only briefly, let her persevere, assured that in this way is to be builded the rounded, balanced character of the good wife—a higher and nobler creature than all the companies of "managers" beneath the canopy of heaven.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Dialogue Between Uncle Jerry, Eulalia and Abner.

CHAPTER I.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE CHARACTERS OF THE NARRATIVE.

Uncle Jerry (for so he was called by all the young people, as he was a general favorite with them, and one whom they dearly loved and one in whom they unwaveringly confided) was the very ideal of a sage, a man of sincere piety, wisdom and discretion, a rare capacity for communicating his thoughts, and withal had a most interesting history. And dear young readers, if you were to meet Uncle Jerry, you could not help loving him. His manners are so impressive, and he speaks with mellow tenderness and parental affection. And though in the "yellow leaf of time"—his cheeks furrowed by cares and age, his eyes lost their youthful gloss, yet he wears such a sweet, winning expression, and is so genial in his nature, he would charm and captivate you, and ere you were aware of it, you would be drawn closely by his side.

Then he could from the great storehouse of his experience, so amuse and interest you with stories of real life—thrilling incidents in his boyhood days and youthful adventures, and in such a rarely entertaining style, you would be almost filled with ecstasy and delight. He could amuse you by describing the Sabbath school of his childhood, the kind of books used and the teachers of sixty years ago, with the methods of teaching, and compare them with the literature, the efficient officers and teachers, the advanced methods of instruction in the classes and general manner of conducting the modern Sabbath

school, and you would be astonished at the contrast. You would wonder how the children under the crude, poorly arranged methods of sixty years ago could ever be induced to go to the Sabbath school, much less to become interested in its exercises, yet, he speaks of them with pleasurable emotions, as they so imperfect in methods, were the means of awakening in him a tender concern for his immortal interests.

To further interest you he would relate to you some of his early religious privileges. He would describe to you the old flat meeting house which stood on the hill in the midst of a clump of trees of almost a century's growth with a shed in the rear and a pulpit on the side. In this enclosure, sacred to his memory, he heard his first sermon. The minister's name he remembers, and the text he used on that occasion. The old meeting house was unceiled or plastered, and had no carpeted aisles or cushioned pews and no stove in winter. The colored people who were then slaves, occupied the shed and were privileged to hear a free gospel.

Uncle Jerry loves to speak of the old time Christian preachers. And although but a boy then, he can tell their names and give a most graphic description of each. They are not remembered as being very profound, or did they make any pretensions to a great oratorical display. They were plain, unostentatious, neat and simple in their dress, but a power in the sacred desk. And although like the Master, "clothed with the garment of humility, they had such a travail of soul and ardent love for sinners, and were so earnest and in their efforts, were so full of zeal and pathos, their words so full of melting tenderness, and so directed by the Holy Spirit, that great reformation attended their ministrations. The church enjoyed glorious refreshings and many souls were brought to Christ. Uncle Jerry remembers these as the good old times when the Lord favored Zion, when the gentle heavens seemed to bow down, when angels hovered near, and heaven and earth came nearer together, and great rejoicings were experienced in the assembly of the saints.

To Uncle Jerry there seemed to be an uncommon and peculiar melody in the old time songs, suited to the old time tunes of that day which seem now to linger in his ears, when choirs and organs were unknown. Although he is wise enough and pious enough to have no feeling of opposition to those delightful auxiliaries to religious worship. And he thinks, to use his own words, "Those old time Christians were the best and happiest people in the world." They were so gifted in prayer and exhortation,

had such strong faith, lived such holy lives, gave such bright testimonials in death, he was wont to say, "Let me die the death of the righteous and let my last be like theirs."

Eulalia and Abner were cousins and were on a visit to Uncle Jerry's. Eulalia was a bright minded, sprightly girl of thirteen summers, with high broad forehead, dark brown eyes, full of animation, with auburn hair, which without bangs, hung in graceful curls down her almost snowy neck. She expressed herself very readily, in well chosen words. Her mind is clear, and susceptible of high cultivation, and her ears are ever open to catch every word of instruction dropping from the lips of her superiors.

Abner was a rosy cheeked, well developed lad of fourteen years, with sunny brow, bright blue eyes and an attractive face. His thoughts did not flow as rapidly as his cousin, or could he express them as readily; nevertheless he was a boy of clear perception, and told his story in a manly way.

The two cousins were at Uncle Jerry's, mutually interested and were "sitting at his feet" as it were, "listening to his words." They were both members of the Christian church and the Sabbath school, and belonged to the Bible class. The church to which they belonged was a large and flourishing one. Uncle Jerry was one of its charter members, and had always acted a most conspicuous part in all its diversified changes and circumstances, and tendered a helping hand in all that in any way assisted in its elevation and growth. Eulalia and Abner, though young, felt an ardent interest in its welfare, and the object of their visit was that they might be the better indoctrinated in its cherished principles, being well assured that they could speak freely and be at ease, as they jointly inquired of Uncle Jerry. They were also satisfied that there was no one better prepared and no one that would take more pleasure to gratify their desire in this respect.

The time of their visit was one cold winter's day in December, and they were all cozily sitting around the blazing hearth, enjoying the hot oak-wood fire. Uncle Jerry in his easy chair, and Eulalia and Abner seated near his side, in an attitude of sincere inquirers after truth and patient appreciative listeners upon his wise counsel.

UNCLE ZEB.

[To be continued.]

Look to the Church Finances.

It is the time of the year to be looking after the financial accounts of the congregation. Good financier-

ing ought to be no lost art on the part of those whose duty it is to manage the finances of the church, yet if we have regard to the average congregation, things are allowed to drift along as best they may, and then, when the day of annual settlement comes, deficiencies are reported, and make-shifts resorted to to tide over the difficulty. One of the greatest needs of the times is wise and consecrated church business talent. A scheme should be devised and faithfully carried out by which, at the close of the year, every debt should be paid, and a respectable balance left in the treasury to the credit of the congregation. In the large majority of churches there could be no greater surprise to the people than a balance in the hands of the trustees at the close of the fiscal year; yet, such a thing ought not to be an unusual occurrence. But just now the main thing is to go to work and have a good showing at the yearly settlement. If there are arrearages, see that they are made up. Look after the slow payers and bring them to time. See that the liberal do better, and have, at least, a clear balance sheet to present to the people. This would be, to them, one of the most cheery of New Year's presents. Nothing is as discouraging to pastor and people as an annual deficit, especially a large and growing one. It leads to more pastoral unsettlement, perhaps, than any other one cause. It cripples churches usefulness. It dwarfs Christian life. It creates dissatisfaction and discouragement. Putting the church into a good financial condition will greatly promote a revival of religion. Let all interested in the subject take hold of it prayerfully, and earnestly, and persistently, and judiciously.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson II. A Tong of Salvation.

ISAIAH XXII. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT:—Trust ye in the Lord forever, for the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.—Isaiah 26:4.

Music has always formed an important feature in the worship of God. Some one has said there is music in everything with the exception of the bray of a mule and the tongue of a scold. The whispering pines, the rippling brooklets, the sighing winds, all have a sweet melody which lifts the soul heavenward and reminds us that God is good and that the beauties and beauties of nature are his blessings poured upon our heads. There is nothing that can take the place of music in our worship of God. Music has been instrumental in saving as many souls as the preached

gospel. It was born in heaven; mortals inherit it by a common heritage. Stupid and unfeeling indeed is he who is not moved by the sweet strains of song. Nearly all who can sing find music the most impressive means by which to express their thoughts. When the Greeks wished to arouse enthusiasm and patriotism among themselves they sang the inspiring verses of Homer. We have on record the songs of Moses, Deborah, and Solomon as fair specimens of ancient exultation. And in our present lesson we are given the song of one of the greatest prophets that ever walked the streets of terrestrial Jerusalem.

The song shows the outburst of an over-flowing heart. A heart filled with gratitude to God for his loving kindness and tender mercies unto the children of men. A heart that was filled with ecstatic joy as it looked with the eye of prophecy into the future and beheld the advent of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The prophet begins by referring to that day, the day when Jesus should walk the shores of blue Galilee, and proclaim the beginning of God's kingdom on earth. Following the designation of the time to which he refers, he tells us of the rejoicing of Judah in its strong city, its fortifications and bulwarks of salvation and its desire to open its gates to all righteous nations. Grand thought right here. "Birds of a feather will flock together." Good people love to associate with good people; also, bad people with the bad. Like natures, like dispositions generally dwell in contentment together.

One thing that will make heaven so blessed to us will be the association we find there.

The prophet expresses his own experience in the 3rd and 4th verses: He had met with much adversity on account of proclaiming the prophecy which God had shown to him, yet God had given him perfect peace of mind and had kept him from harm and danger. As God kept the prophet Isaiah, as he fed the prophet Elijah in the wilderness, as he protected his people Israel in their wanderings, so he will, likewise, keep all those who trust in him.

In the last five verses, the fate of the proud and wicked is foretold.—those who forget that there is a God in Heaven who rules the universe and those who rely upon their own wisdom and strength. Herein is locked up the same old story, that without God all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Solomon, tormented by his seven hundred wives, declared this: All his wisdom availed him nothing after he forsook God. Just so with all. All people have the same general experience in regard to

the essentials of life, no matter in what age they live, and it will continue to be thus so long as time on earth lasts. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

HERBERT SCHOLZ.

Mutual Dependency.

Man is naturally a social being and nothing can be more conducive to real happiness than for him to be surrounded by a circle of true friends who are ever ready to lend a helping hand in every hour of need. Then again we are dependent creatures, one man depending upon another for aid and for strength when strength from other sources vanish. One section of our country gets its supplies from another; one continent obtains many of the necessities from another, and thus are we bound together by the common ties of friendship which, if severed, would bring to an end our prosperity as a nation, our happiness as a people, and our success as dependent creatures. There is a great deal of benefit to be derived from the sacred ties of friendship, and any man that is destitute of friends is truly in a pitiable condition. What can a young man do when he first steps out on the stage of activity if he is destitute of friends? Friends could do much to aid him in obtaining a position in some profitable place if he only had such friends as would look to his interest, but being friendless he must tread the untrodden road of experience and very often it leads to ruin. There are many allurements along life's tempestuous voyage which attract the youth to steer his bark in disastrous ways that drift him over falls of destruction in to endless ruin, while, if he had some friend who had gone through the happy ways of right to direct him, he might escape many a hardship and danger.

Then again, what can be more soul inspiring to any one, when he is overwhelmed by sadness and grief, than to have some sympathizing friend to speak a cheerful word to dispel the melancholy clouds and admit the sunshine of joy and gladness again to illumine his saddened face. Around the sick bed, the old soldiers of 1861-1865 can tell you that no one could have been more welcome than loving, tender hearted friends to receive the fading aspirations of a wounded or sick soldier. Just so it is now, we feel the need of loved ones to soothe our careworn and pallid brow after fever's burning finger has left his scorching mark. Riches go far to help a person along life, but while this is so, riches without friends are

of very little value. In fact, riches alone without the friends that are attracted to the rich could bring no real happiness, for increase of wealth means increase of responsibility, and increase of responsibility means decrease of pleasure. A man may be as rich as this world's goods can make him, yet, if he lacks friends he is in a helpless condition.

There is another sphere in life that very forcibly reminds us of the value of true friends, that is in the home circle. What is it that makes home a desirable place? What is it that makes it "the dearest spot on earth?" Nothing but friends, true, friends, loving friends. Take them away from home, and no longer is it a desirable place. Around our home we find more pleasure than in any other place, owing to the friendship that pervades the home circle. Why is it that students long to see the time for commencement to come? So that they may return to friends at home. What is it that makes them shed tears when they part with their classmates? The tender ties of friendship that they have formed while solving the hard problems in school. What is it that makes earth dear to us when in it we find so many heartaches? Friends. One has wisely said that if we wish to have friends we must show ourselves friendly. Then realizing the need of friends that are true, of friends that are tried, it seems that any one would be friendly to those around him.

Though a man may be deprived of every other earthly gift, yet, if he has friends he is infinitely rich. Nothing but the gifts of heaven can supercede the value of friends to cheer, to comfort and to bless man along life's toilsome journey.

W. C. WICKER.

Like as a Father.

All holy loves are born of God. He made the human heart with all its wealth of sympathy and tenderness of affection, and there is not a bond which unites the sons of men in loving fellowship, which has not had its origin in the loving kindness of the living God.

The hearts of parents yearn over their children, and are bound up in their joys and in their sorrows, their prosperity and their adversity. The children pass their days in happy innocence, free from anxiety and care. They take no thought for the morrow, they fear no evil to come. Adversity, gloom and financial disaster are things which do not concern them; they think not of these things, but simply of their loving parents, who provide for all their wants and shield them from every ill. Many a parent looking forward to financial disaster is

far more anxious for his children than for himself. He can battle with the world through the brief remnant of his life, but what will his children do if the competence which he hoped to bestow upon them is swept away by the storms of adversity?

But cannot parents learn a lesson from the love of their own hearts? While they are anxious, their children are free from anxiety. And can they not believe that there is a loving Father above who is as careful for their concerns as they are for the concerns of their children? Can they not learn to cast their cares on Him and believe, that he, who has begotten in their hearts the yearnings of parental love, feels towards his children all that love and care which he has caused them to feel towards theirs?

How soon we would banish our fears if we could only learn the lesson of the fatherhood of God, if we could consider the lilies and the sparrows, and believe that "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those that love him, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."—*Armory*.

Patience.

How many things there are which try our patience and vex our souls! There are adverse circumstances, there are those that hinder and disquiet us, there are persons who consume our time, waste our money, derange our affairs, and sometimes, with the best intentions, do us harm which it is utterly beyond their power to remedy. And how often we murmur and complain, and fret, and grow impatient, and a tempest rises up within our souls!

How much we need patience! It is vain to fret, it is useless to murmur. Our complaints are simply echoes on the idle air. The mischief is wrought, the damage is done, the loss is sustained; and all fretting and murmuring and complaining will not alter it. How much better then to leave it with the Lord, and cry to him to calm our perturbed and troubled minds; to put away the things which disturb us, and seek that peace which passeth all understanding, and which calms our souls amid the storms and adversities of life! And we need this peace in great afflictions and in small ones, for there are those who can endure martyrdom and who yet will fret over trifles. There are those who can face the enemy of all righteousness with calmness, and yet would be disquieted by some trifling thing. But God can hold us firm and strong and steadfast, if we will but trust in him. He it is who can steady our souls amid the petty vexations of life, and resting in him we can in our adversities take to ourselves the comfort

that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—*Christian*.

* On * Zion's Walls.

Watchman, what of the night?
Watchman, what of the night?—
Isa. xxi. 11.

Lift up your eyes and look on
the fields; for they are white al-
ready to harvest.—John iv. 35.

Walk about Zion, **** Mark ye
well her bulwarks, **** that ye
may tell it to generations follow-
ing.—Ps. xlviii. 12, 13.

District Meeting.

Time:—Jan. 30, 31, 1892.

Place:—Hayes' Chapel, Wake Co.,
N. C.

SATURDAY.

10:00 a. m. Religious Services by
Deacon A. Moring.

10:30 a. m. Organization.

11:00 a. m. Should all the Churches
be represented in the District
Meeting, and why? by Revs. N. B.
Honeycutt, D. R. Yarbrough, W.
G. Clements and Jesse Langston,
A. Moring and others.

11:30 a. m. Home Missions and its
aims, by Revs. J. L. Foster, J. W.
Fuquay, Bros. E. S. Coates and
Willis Moring. Singing by choir
led by Pro. J. H. Moring.

12:00 m. Dinner.

1:00 p. m. Foreign Missions, by Revs.
C. H. Rowland, L. W. Mangum
and others.

1:30 p. m. Should the Church agitate
and support prohibition, and why,
by Revs. W. G. Clements, J. L.
Foster, N. B. Honeycutt and Bro.
Jesse Langston.

2:00 p. m. The Importance of Religi-
ous Literature, by Revs. J. L.
Foster, C. H. Rowland, Bro. A.
Moring and others.

2:30 p. m. The necessity of a more
thorough training in vocal music,
by Rev. J. W. Fuquay, Prof. J.
H. Moring and others.

3:00 p. m. The best method of rais-
ing the Finances of the Church, by
all in the house who may be inter-
ested.

3:30 p. m. Miscellaneous Business.

4:00 p. m. Adjourned.

SUNDAY.

9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting.

10:00 a. m. Sunday School Meeting
11:00 a. m. Preaching.
Let all be present with good speeches.

J. A. JONES,
Com.

District Meeting

PLACE:—Youngsville, N. C.
TIME:—January 30, 31, 1892.

SATURDAY

10:00 a. m. Religious Exercises by Rev. J. W. Wellons.
10:15 Organization.
10:30 Preaching by Rev. ———.
11:30 The necessity of a more thoroughly educated people, by Rev. L. R. Crocker and Rev. P. T. Klapp
12:00 m. Dinner.
1:00 p. m. The need of a better circulation and a closer reading of our Church Literature, by Rev. J. L. Foster and W. T. Young
2:00 Bible Temperance, by Dr. P. R. Hatch, J. M. Winston and L. R. Crocker.
3:00 Miscellaneous Business.

SUNDAY.

9:30 a. m. The Sunday school of today, and the church of the future, by T. J. Haskins and J. W. Mitchell
10:30 The needs for, and the progress of Home Missions, by Revs. M. L. Winston and J. W. Wellons.
11:30 Foreign Missions and its demands, by J. C. Winston and Rev. P. T. Klapp.
Dinner.
1:40 p. m. The true aims of the Christian church, by Revs. J. L. Foster and P. T. Klapp.
3:00 What can women do for the best interest in the Master's cause in the Christian church? General discussion.

Let all the speakers be prepared for the duties assigned them, and be present on time. We trust all the churches will be represented. The churches in this district are: Pleasant Grove, Va., Union, Va., Hebron, Lebanon, Mt. Auburn, Pope's Chapel, Mt. Carmel, Walnut Grove, Youngsville, Oak Level, Good Hope, New Hope, Beulah and Liberty (Vance), N. C.

S. B. KLAPP, Sec.

Youngsville, N. C.

District Meeting.

TIME:—Jan. 29-31, 1892.
PLACE:—Salem Chapel, Forsythe Co., N. C.

FRIDAY.

1:00 p. m. Religious services by Rev. T. B. Dawson.
1:15 p. m. Organization.

1:30 p. m. How can the District Meeting be made productive of more good? by Revs. W. T. Herndon and T. W. Stroud.
2:00 p. m. The Importance of Religious Literature, by Revs. P. H. Fleming and T. B. Dawson.
2:45 p. m. The need of a better supported ministry, by Revs. A. F. Iseley and W. J. Laine.
3:15 p. m. Why pastors should devote their time to church work, by Revs. J. W. Holt and D. M. Williams.
4:00 p. m. Adjourn.

SATURDAY.

9:45 a. m. Song, and prayer service, conducted by Rev. H. L. Hines.
10:15 a. m. A model church, by Revs. W. S. Long, D. D., and T. W. Stroud.
11:00 a. m. A model Christian, by Revs. J. U. Newman and W. C. Wicker.
11:45 a. m. A Model Religious Newspaper, by Revs. W. T. Herndon, C. A. Boone and D. M. Williams.
12:30 p. m. Dinner.
1:15 p. m. The duty of church members towards the liquor traffic, by Rev. P. H. Fleming, followed by general discussion.
2:30 p. m. Can the Christian church afford to allow its members to indulge in dancing, by Revs. T. B. Dawson, W. J. Laine and C. C. Peel.
3:00 p. m. The present opportunities for young men and young women, by Profs. J. O. Atkinson and E. L. Moffitt
3:45 Miscellaneous Business.
4:00 p. m. Adjourned.

SUNDAY.

9:45 a. m. The aim of the Sunday school, by Revs. H. L. Hines and D. M. Williams
10:30 a. m. Who should attend Sunday school? by Revs. W. C. Wicker and W. J. Laine
11:00 a. m. Preaching by Rev. T. W. Stroud, after which a collection will be taken for Home Missions.
12:30 p. m. Dinner.
1:30 p. m. Preaching by Rev. T. B. Dawson.

All the churches composing this district are requested to send delegates, and all the ministers are requested to be present with prepared speeches.

C. C. Peel,

Com.

DEAR BRO CLEMENTS:—Last Saturday and Sunday I filled my appointment at Christian Chapel. The congregation was large and attentive. The brethren are pushing forward their church building. They have the hull of the house nearly complete. The house is 40 by 60 feet, has a self supporting roof, the belfry

is 60 feet high nicely finished. They were painting it Saturday, this adds very much to its appearance.

Wednesday, the 16th, I united in matrimony Mr. James J. Jordan to Miss Lura H. Stephenson, both of Plymouth church. May Heaven's richest blessings attend them through life.

I am proud to say that the SUN continues to shine brighter each week, and now I am looking for the year 1892, to be the brightest year of its history. May God bless you in editing the SUN.

Yours in Christ,

J. A. JONES

A Word From Liberty (R).

Liberty Christian church is prospering. It is in a very good working condition. It is true that the church is weak in number, but the dear brethren and sisters are putting their hands and shoulders to the wheel, and the work is starting off very well.

I filled my first appointment there last fourth Sunday was a month ago. We had a very good congregation.

Having learned at Conference that there was a mortgage on the church, Monday morning Bro. O. T. Hatch and myself went down to see Dr. Albright who held the mortgage. We found it to be more than we expected—\$183.75.

We then set about raising the money to liquidate the debt.

The Dr. gave \$83.75: Leaving \$100.00. Conference having appropriated \$50.00 which left \$50.00 for the church to raise.

The church went to work with much energy, and in a short while, we had it all raised. To-day we payed off the debt. The good brethren of all denominations in town helped us in raising the money. Our church there is now out of debt.

We also have nearly half of our conference assessments raised.

The church has a good Sunday school. All things seem to be bright for the future of our church at this place.

We ask an interest in the prayers of all of God's people.

D. W. WILLIAMS.

Dec. 28, 1891.

Elon College Notes.

Merry Christinas has passed, and didn't we have a good time though? Six fine days with their long cheery evenings at home or with friends, and this too just at that season when everybody tries to be merry and have a good time and make everybody enjoy themselves.

The majority of the students went to their homes for the holidays and of course they were glad to meet again

the past months separated. I sometimes think that we do not know those from whom they had been for how much the home folks do care for us until we stay away from them for some time and then return—they are so glad to see us then you know, and will do so many little things for our pleasure and comfort.

Those of the students who remained here made the "Hill" lively and report a very nice time withal. Of course they did for who is there so stupid as not to enjoy the rest and merriment of Christmas?

We had holiday one week and school opened again last Thursday. Examinations begin today—Monday, Jan. 4—and the new term begins to-morrow one week. This is the dreaded week of student life and the time when the test comes and when every student wishes he had studied just a little harder during the past term. It is a pity students can't remember all through the session that examinations will come at the close. But many seem to forget this and go along reckless and unconcerned until examinations come and then wake up to find themselves—"fallen through."

Most all of the old students have returned and some new ones are already coming in. All who desire to enter for the next term should be here by next Monday.

We hope many will come in. We will give all a hearty welcome and try to do the best we can for them.

The new year has begun and let us all hope and labor that it may indeed be a new and profitable one in the history of Elon College. Let us all see to it that no effort shall be wanting to make Elon a success.

Rev. W. W. Staley spent several days here last week visiting his mother who has recently moved to Elon and will make this her future home.

Elon had another fire, last week which, occurring as it did at 2 a. m., thoroughly alarmed the inhabitants of our little village. The store house formerly occupied by Herndon & Young was entirely consumed. The loss will not be considerable—probably some \$200—as the house was recently vacated and the insurance had not yet expired.

Christmas is behind us, the new year is before us and the question comes to each one of us: How much will I do for myself, my country and my God during the coming year?

We wish the SUN a happy new year.

J. O. ATKINSON.

Elon College N. C. Jan. 4, 1891.

Renew your subscription to the CHRISTIAN SUN.

The Christian Sun.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 7 1892.

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MOOD, - - - OFFICE MANAGER.

Terms of Subscription.

year, cash in advance	\$2.00
months, " "	1.00
three months " "	.50

Advertising rates furnished upon application.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Bro. Iseley, give us the news from Valley

With this issue the CHRISTIAN SUN enters its forty-ninth year and forty-first volume.

Rev. W. T. Herndon is very anxious for his local agents to push the collections for Elon College as fast as possible.

Bro. Maple is giving the readers of the SUN some excellent sermons. If you are not reading them, you will be the loser.

Revs. W. W. Staley, J. D. Wickland and S. B. Klapp gave us pleasant news last week. Always glad to have you call brethren.

The readers of the SUN will be sorry to know that Rev. M. L. Hurley times in feeble health. Let us pray that God may be his physician.

Forrisville Christian Sunday school boast of a young lady nine years of age, who weighs 103 pounds, and she is a beautiful girl too. Her name is Jessie Pugh.

What has become of our dear Bro., J. T. Kitchen? We have not heard from him but he is doing a good work somewhere; but we would like for him to tell the readers of the SUN about it.

Some times we receive notices of deaths with no name given but friend or something of the kind. We cannot publish anything without some real name given. We don't want to publish the name where it is not desired; but we must know the writer.

Rev. J. Pressley Barrett, D. D., and family moved the 30th of Dec. from this city to the city of Norfolk. Many of the very best people of Raleigh regretted to lose Dr. Barrett and family from the "City of Oaks."

Athletics.

Noticing in almost every daily paper read how the craze for athletic games is taking hold of the minds of the people, we were contemplating writing something on the subject. But while we were studying this subject we happened to see the following in the *Armory*, which we think the very thing; therefore we give it place in the editorial columns:

There is a great craze in certain quarters over athletics. This is nothing new. The Greeks were a wonderfully athletic race. They had their games, their races, and their boxing matches, and the great events which marked their chronological period were the Olympian games, to which they gave so much attention. On the contrary, the Jewish people had their festivals, their seasons of solemn joy and praise, but no games, so far as we know. They paid no special attention to athletics, and yet, notwithstanding their dispersions and chastisements, the Jewish people outlive all other peoples, and have maintained their existence through successive centuries, while other nations of greater physical strength, and devoting much of their time to physical culture and athletic exercises, have melted away, sunk into insignificance, or perished out of existence.

The Apostle Paul exhorted Timothy to train himself unto Godliness, and assured him that while bodily gymnastics profited little, Godliness was "profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

There has been a cry raised about the waste of human life on the part of missionaries, especially those who have gone forth on a somewhat independent plan, and lacking some of the advantages and comforts which come through the machinery of an established missionary organization. But in answer to this complaint one writer has shown that the deaths of missionaries going out into distant lands, even with scanty provision for their needs, have been less frequent than the deaths which have occurred among athletes, who have been practicing all the devices which modern gymnastics afford, to improve their vital forces and increase their physical strength. In other words, that a man is safer in Africa, in spite of the danger from the savages, fevers, and sunstroke, than he is in a civilized and Christianized country, if he is specially addicted to athletics, base ball, rowing matches and the like, practiced for the benefit of his health. We sometimes meet a gentleman in the prime of life, who is constantly crippled in his efforts in business by a disease of the heart, which he explains to be the result of

rowing with his athletic friends in his earlier years. Numerous similar cases are said to exist. The *Health Journal* says: "Of thirty-two all round athletes, the safest kind, in a New York club of five years ago, three are dead of consumption, five have to wear trusses, four or five are lop shouldered, and three have catarrh and partial deafness. The writings of the eminent London physicians, Drs. Fothergill, Clifford, Albut, and Moxon, show the intimate relation between mechanical strain and diseases of the arteries and of the valves of the heart. Dr. Patton, Chief Surgeon of the United States National Soldiers' Home, says that while, of the five thousand soldiers in the home, fully eighty per cent are suffering from heart disease in one form or another, due to the forced physical exertion of the campaigns, he makes the prediction that as large a percentage of the athletes of to-day will be found twenty-five years from now to be victims of heart disease, resulting from the muscular strain they force themselves to undergo.

Persons will do well to consider these facts, and before entering the hot race of athletics, with its "emulations, wrath, strife," and "other works of the flesh," (Gal. v.) ascertain whether it is not wiser for them to train themselves unto Godliness, and let their exercises be of such a nature as shall give them a "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

It is a most serious thing for a young man in the prime of life to wreck his health and ruin his constitution by some mad endeavor to outdo another in some feat of mad, useless and unreasonable physical exertion. The Lord has not made all people alike; one can do with ease what another could only do at a most ruinous risk. The spirit of emulation seen in trying to do what others do or what others cannot do is contrary to the gospel of Christ, and contrary to the principles of health and strength. Let those whom this concerns take this matter into careful consideration, and remembering that their bodies are "temples of the Holy Ghost;" that God has given them health and strength for his service, and holds them responsible for its preservation and use. Let them see that they avoid excess, preserve their vital forces, maintain physical vigor, and thus enjoy health and happiness and "length of days and long life and peace," when athletes, by their foolish, senseless and needless excesses of effort, have ruined their health and brought themselves to untimely graves.

Renew your subscription to the CHRISTIAN SUN promptly.

To the Readers of the Sun.

We sent out on the first day of this month many notices to those whose subscription had expired, and hope they will renew immediately.

Possibly in moving the office, and changing mailing books, etc., some mistakes have been made. If so let us know. Please remember, dear friends, that the date on the label on your paper does not always show your correct standing on the subscription list. As soon as money is received it is properly entered on the book; but it may be a month or more before your date is changed on the label on your paper. To correct the type in a mailing list is no little thing; and we do not correct it oftener than once a month, and sometimes longer when we are pushed with work. So don't think because your date on the label is wrong that we have you wrong on the books.

The Annuals.

The Annuals are being sent out this week. They are later coming out than we wanted them to be; but no one knows the cause better than we do.

We hope those whose Annuals are to go to the office at Raleigh, will call at the SUN office for them. It will be some saving to us.

It was our intention to have had pictures of Revs. M. B. Barrett and R. A. Ricks in the Annual, but we waited for the cuts as long as it was possible; and they have not come yet. When men are doing work hundreds of miles away they seem to think that they can do as they please.

The Christian Sun.

All our Brethren in the North should take the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. All in the South should take the CHRISTIAN SUN. All in both sections should take both papers. They will furnish the reader with news from both localities and keep him informed as to our interests and our work in all parts of our brotherhood. The best thinkers and the best thought, the best workers and the best work are represented in these two papers. The patronage of both keeps the readers in touch with the best spirit and the noblest impulses of our people. In either paper there are single articles, series of articles, or short, friendly, instructive discussions that are worth more than the price of the papers. Take, for example, Dr. C. J. Jones' late article in the SUN on the expulsion of unruly church members, and Dr. Long's able reply. Here is a vital interest at issue, and is discussed by

brethren of unquestioned candor and ability. Bro. Jones presents clearly his honest convictions, and produces a plausible argument. Bro. Long approaches the subject with such kindness and candor, and vindicates the Gospel in so manly a spirit toward an opposing opinion, that one may the more easily see how our fellowship and unity are of the heart and not by any means of the head.

The above is taken from the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, and is from the interesting pen of Rev. H. Y. Rush. We quite agree with our dear Bro. Rush, and say with emphasis that all in both sections should take both parts.

There is the best of friendship between the *Herald* and *Sun*. If the editors of these papers should never see each other in the flesh they expect to meet in the spirit land.

That Christmas Tree.

It was our great pleasure to be present at the Christmas tree occasion of the Christian church in the city of Raleigh on Wednesday night before Christmas. It was one of the most enjoyable things that we have witnessed in many years. The recitations of the children were excellent, the music equal to the best, the presents plentiful, and the work of Santa Claus and his wife perfect. Possibly the most pleasant part of the services was the presentation of a beautiful clock by Santa Claus to the pastor's wife, reminding her to see that the pastor noticed the clock when preparing his sermons; so he might not prepare them too long.

The house was well filled, and every one seemed to enjoy the occasion. If every one who put a dollar in that church had been present, he would have rejoiced over money spent in that direction. Possibly no one deserves more praise for the success of the occasion than Sister Foster.

If brethren and friends will rally to the support of the Raleigh Christian church a few years longer it will, under God's blessings, be a power for good in the Conference.

Vi to Oak Level.

At 5 p. m. last Saturday evening we left Raleigh for Oak Level, Franklin county, N. C. An hour's pleasant ride on the Raleigh & Gaston road, and we were at Youngsville. On stepping off the cars we discovered our old friend Dr. P. R. Hatch, with whom we went to Bro. W. T. Young's. Bro. Hatch's family was off on a visit to relatives in Chatham. Bro. Young was also from home visiting; but his wife who knows how to prepare good victuals for a preacher, gave us a good supper, comfortable

room and bed, so we fared as well as a king ought to fare.

Sunday morning was quite cold; but on arrival at the church we found a very good congregation to which we preached the word. At church before preaching, the brethren and sisters were interesting themselves in a meeting of a church aid society. If all would take hold of these societies they might be made a power for good. It was quite a pleasure to meet the people at Oak Level again. We always love to meet the dear friends of this faithful old church. Bro. Joe Pearce was out as usual working with all the Christian vigor of a boy twenty years of age. Notwithstanding the cold weather Sister Staley and her beautiful children were present to hear the word preached.

Bro. J. D. Wicker is pastor of this church, and from what we heard in the community, he and the church are close friends.

Sunday night we tried to preach to a small congregation at Youngsville, after which Bro. Wicker and I spent the night at Bro. P. T. Klapp's. Bro. Klapp was away at his appointment; but Sister Klapp and the children made us feel at home by their kindness.

Bro. S. B. Klapp reached Youngsville from his appointment in time to attend the services Sunday night, after which Bro. Wicker and I spent a few minutes with him, his wife and little Russell. Here also we received every attention necessary to make one feel happy.

Monday morning after an excellent breakfast with Sister P. T. Klapp and children, we in company with Bro. Wicker, set our faces homeward. On reaching Raleigh, we found a good mood in the office, and everything moving on smoothly.

Salem Chapel District Meeting.

It is important that the District meeting at Salem Chapel be made a success. The church and community are expecting a number of ministers and delegates from other churches. They are anxious to hear the programme thoroughly discussed by ministers and laymen. This border church needs such a meeting. Let all be present at the opening. Go by Railroad to Winston or Walnut Cove Thursday night, Jan. 28th, and then to Dennis on the R. & S. R. R. on Friday morning. Write to Bro. Thornton Dalton, Salem Chapel, N. C. and tell him how and when you expect to get there and he will try to arrange for you to be conveyed to the church either from Dennis or Walnut Cove. Let no speaker on the programme fail to go.

JEREMIAH W. HOLT.

Grumblers.

Possibly there is as little excuse for grumbling as any other sin of which we are guilty. If we are in trouble physically, mentally or spiritually, by reason of any conduct of ours, no one is responsible but us; therefore we have no right to inflict others with our whims of discontent. If others have acted wrongfully toward us, a stream of murmurs and complaints sent around on a visit through the family or neighborhood, is not the legitimate way for a settlement. If God's hand has been placed heavily upon us, it is done in righteousness, and for a noble purpose; and certainly we ought not to grumble at His work.

There are grumblers of different classes: Artificial grumblers, taught grumblers, and chronic grumblers. Artificial grumblers are those who have nothing of which to make any complaint, but are so light hearted that they think it is a high type of intelligence to murmur. Such people haven't minds sufficient to keep up an intelligent conversation. Taught grumblers are those who have been in the company of this unfortunate class of complainers until they have been educated in this unpleasant language. Fathers and mothers should be very particular to keep pleasant especially when in the presence of their children; for if children are raised in a house of grumbling, they will be likely to build one of the same material. Chronic grumblers are those who have engaged in this business until like the sot, all that is sweet in the mind has been driven out, and there is a continual craving for this fiery heaving, cross-grain stream of complaint. When this stream is once turned loose in full force it is as difficult to check as that of the alcohol appetite.

Grumbling shows a want of prayer, spiritual meditation and faith in God. He whose faith takes firm hold upon God, brings him upon humble knees, and so absorbs the mind, that there is no unoccupied space for murmurs and complaints.

Possibly, it may be said truthfully, that the greatest grumblers are the greatest cowards.

The New Year.

The car of time of the old year landed as a few days ago at the last station on the line of 1891. And now we are just moving off on the line of 1892. Our head light of future knowledge is so dim that it is impossible for us to see either the conflicts or successes of this new line. But we are sure, if we remain on the coach that Jesus guides, all will be well.

The year of 1891, like many others, was diversified with many difficulties, heart-aches, sad and pleasant experiences, failures and triumphs, and sorrows and rejoicings; not a few; but they are all in the page of God's memory. And, if in this diversification of events there is disobedience of God's commands or neglect of duty in any particular blackening the record with sin, it too is held in God's memory store, and will stand against us, unless by repentance on our part the bloody hands of Jesus blot it out.

All that we can do for the record of the past year, is to ask God's forgiveness. The record, good or bad, ugly or beautiful, is made; "What I have written, I have written." This record away from God's hand is unchangeable.

As we look back over the journey of life made in 1891, and see our mistakes, let us use them as alarm bells of warning to point out the sin pools on the journey of 1892. There will be many dangers on both sides of this line; but, if we stay on the cars, of which Jesus is captain, we will have nothing to fear.

Dear friends, on the journey of life during this new year, pray for God's guiding hand each morning before you leave the station, remain on the car of duty during the day, hold on to the cord of faith, and give thanks every night.

How many readers of the *Sun* will enter into a vow of this kind between them and God: Avoid all harsh words about others; do some kind act each day; strive to be more like Jesus; and live as though we knew 1892 would be our last year on earth.

Last Sunday was spent with the church at Durham. Owing to *grippe* being in so many families, and Christmas visiting the congregation was not so large as usual. The preacher was so gripped, that he could not preach more than fifteen or twenty minutes; but we hope some good was accomplished.

We learned the Sunday school had a good time Christmas night. We have several excellent working young people at Durham church as well as some more advanced in years.

On last Wednesday night was the church meeting. Among other business was the election of Bro. Ruffin Canada and Bro. J. H. Atkins as deacons. These are two excellent brethren. Bro. Atkins is a successful merchant, and is the Co., of A. G. Cox & Co.

Many thanks to Doctor J. P. Watson, editor of the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*, for kind words about the *CHRISTIAN SUN*. Notwithstanding the doctor is much advanced in years, he is doing work enough for two ordinary men.

A Lady.

I know a lady in this and
Who carries a Chinese fan in her hand,
But in her heart does she carry a thought
Of her Chinese, sister who carefully
wrought
The dainty, delicate silken toy
For her to admire and for her to enjoy?

This lady has on her parlor floor
A lovely rug from Syrian shore;
Its figures were woven with curious art.
I wish that my lady had in her heart
One thought of love for those foreign
homes
Where the light of the gospel never comes.

To shield my lady from chilling draft
Is a Japanese screen of curious craft
She takes the comforts its presence gives,
But in her heart not one thought lives,
Not even one little thought—ah me!—
For the comfortless homes that lie over
the sea

My lady in gown of silk is arrayed;
The fabric soft was in India made.
Will she think of the country whence it
came?

Will she make an offering in His name
To send the perfect heavenly dress,
The mantle of Christ's own righteousness,
To those who are poor and sad and forlorn,
To those who know not the Christ is born?

—Woman's Work for Woman.

Be Joyful In God.

The Scriptures abound in exhortations to joy and gladness. "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and shout for joy all ye that are upright in heart." "Rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing; in everything give thanks." "Rejoice in the Lord, and again I say, rejoice."

If we rejoice in our wealth, our riches may take wings. If we rejoice in our friends, they may turn to be our foes. If we rejoice in our prosperity, the day of our adversity may come, and all our joy be turned into mourning. If we rejoice in our success, we may soon have occasion to exchange our gladness for grief and disappointment. But if we rejoice in the Lord, the Almighty, the All-wise, the Ever-present, the Ever-faithful, nothing shall ever happen which shall shake the foundations of our trust in him. Kindred may die, he lives; friends may forsake, he is steadfast; loved ones may forget us, he forgets us not; brethren may slumber and sleep, and fail to watch with us one hour in the day of our extremity, but Israel's keeper never slumbers or sleeps. Days and years may change all our earthly relationships, the possessions we love may vanish, the scenes we delighted in may pass away, we may stand lonely amid thousands, and friendless amid throngs; but if we stand in the strength and joy of God, we shall not be forsaken, we shall not be friendless, we shall not be alone; we shall have the presence of the Master, the blessing of the Lord, the gladness which he bestows, the consolation which he imparts.

O child of God, let your joy be in him. Leave those "broken cisterns which hold no water," and go to that

eternal fountain, of which, if a man drink he shall never thirst again! Have you not tried and tasted all the joys this world giveth, have you not found it a scene of vanity, of emptiness and disappointment? Can you not from this time turn your heart to him with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning, and let his strength be your strength, his joy be your joy, his peace be your peace, his love be your love?

It is only a little while and earth's long, weary conflict shall be over; the struggle, the toil, the weariness and the warfare shall be past, and the highest joy beyond it all shall be the joy of the presence and communion and blessing of the Lord. But we can have that even here, we can have that even now, we can to-day, take to our hearts the unspeakable gladness which flows from his friendship, his love, his promises, and his holy spirit; we can antedate the day of triumph, we can sing our songs of victory when the battle is yet unfought, and even while in the thickest of the conflict we can cry with the apostle, "Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." —Christian

Thank the Children.

They run on our errands, upstairs for our books and slippers, our trinkets, our new magazines; down stairs to tell the servants this thing or that; over the way to carry our parcels: to the post-office with our letters.

They leave their work or play a dozen times in a morning to do something to oblige us who are grown up bigger, and liable to be less absorbingly occupied than they are.

No game of politics or business in after life will ever be so important to the man as the ball and the top to the little lad; and no future enjoyment of the little girl will ever be greater in degree and kind than her present in her dolls and play-house; yet Johnnie and Jennie fly at our bidding, arresting themselves in mid-career of the play which is their present work, and alas! half the time we quite overlook our own obligation to be grateful. We do not say, "I thank you." And because we do not say it, we make it difficult for them to be as polite, as simple, courteous, as otherwise they would be by nature, and the imitation which is second nature to all children. —The Household.

You will not be able to go through life without being discovered: a lighted candle cannot be hid. There is a feeling among some good people that it will be wise to be very reticent, and hide their light under a bushel.

They intend to lie low all the war time, and come out when the palms are being distributed. They hope to travel to Heaven by the back lanes, and skulk into glory in disguise.... Rest assured, my fellow Christians, that at some period or other, in the most quiet lives, there will come a moment for open decision. Days will come when we must speak out, or prove traitors to our Lord and to His truth.... You cannot long hold fire in the hollow of your hand, or keep a candle under the bed. Godliness, like murder, will out. You will not always be able to travel to Heaven incog. —Spurgeon.

While every day is the end of an old year and the beginning of a new to the thoughtful, yet when all have agreed the old year shall end with the thirty-first of December and the new year begin with January first, such concurrence seems to emphasize the fact and to impress us the more, that we have passed another mile stone on our journey; and that not many more are left, save to the imagination of youth. —Selected.

Resolutions of Appreciation.

The following resolutions were read and unanimously adopted in the Chapel of Elon College, N. C., Dec. 19, 1891:

RESOLVED, 1st, That we the faculty and students of Elon College respectfully tender our thanks, especially to Miss Margaret Etheredge, and also to all that have aided her, for presenting the College with a lovely communion service. We congratulate the College in the reception of such an appropriate and valuable Christmas present.

RESOLVED, 2nd, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the CHRISTIAN SUN for publication.

RESOLVED, 3rd, That a copy be sent to Miss Etheredge.

J. W. RAWLS,
W. C. WICKER,
S. E. EVERETT,
Committee.

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Now we have come to the New Year and have made our new resolutions, how many are there among us who can keep all of them? Or how many if we happen to break a good resolution will have the manhood and womanhood to go right along and strive again? I have heard it said that Christianity is shown as much in a person's getting up and trying again as in always withstanding temptation. Now I think it shows God's loving kindness for weak humanity that he forgives us when we

fall and helps us to be stronger next time. The holidays just past has no doubt been a very trying time for young Christians. There were receptions, and parties, and New Years calling and entertainments of various kinds, many of these calculated, in their nature, to cause the weak to stumble and fall into temptation. My hope is that our Band is as fully determined to push forward this year as ever before.

I am surprised this week at there being no letters from the cousins. Now I had hoped to see a goodly number in this the first paper in the New Year, but no such good thing was in store for us it seems.

Let me tell you a little about our Christmas in the Raleigh Christian church: About a month before Christmas the Sunday school superintendent commenced to talk about what we should have, and it was decided to have a Christmas tree. So, on the Wednesday night before Christmas everything was ready. The tree was beautifully trimmed with ornaments of different kinds and lighted with tapers, the church was festooned with cedar boughs, and across over the tree in large letters, was the greeting, "A Merry Christmas."

The house was filled with people, and they were entertained for a while with nice songs and recitations. As soon as these were finished the little folks were delighted to see Old Santa Claus enter the house with his pack of presents, accompanied by Mrs. Santa Claus, who proceeded to distribute presents to the happy Sunday school children. Ah, children, we have so much to thank our Saviour for and can enjoy life so much better since he came to this world 1892 years ago to save us from death, let us do our very best to live like he did, obediently doing what ever is our duty.

Before Aunt Minnie left Raleigh to live in Norfolk she sent her resignation as Children's Educational Secretary to the Executive Committee of the General Convention, and that committee elected Mrs. J. L. Foster to fill her place. Now do not hesitate to send money for the Band for it will be promptly given to Aunt Myrtle and properly credited by her. Every one of you write.

Cordially yours,
UNCLE TANGLE

Of the old year nothing is left save its responsibilities; some of which were well done, some not so well and some not at all. Nothing to be done with them now, save to repent of their unprofitableness and reach forth to a higher and better life, through the grace that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. —Exchange.

Childhood's Days.

To be a child is not as trifling a thing as it seems. Children's memories are longer than ours and more accurate. Their impression of things and places is indelible. When about four years old, I was sent by my parents to see a lady, by her request, who was on her death-bed. The old house which was great in its day, has changed hands many a time since; the trees all cut down around it has robbed it of its former appearance, yet I could go to that dwelling and point out the room and the very spot in the room where the bed stood on which this lady lay. But it was not so much the white, gentle face that impressed me as the story she read to me and then gave me. It was a Sunday school tract entitled: We must live. It contained the picture of a guilty-looking woman who was a shop-keeper, and who kept "open on the Sabbath" with the plea, "We must live." In front of her stood a meek little Sunday school teacher telling her of the awful sin of breaking the Sabbath, who by good reasons and good example succeeded in getting her to close her shop on the Lord's Day and send her children to Sunday school. This tract with the picture on the first page and the white face on a death-bed, as I remember it, when I first heard the story, has ever made the Sabbath a day of peculiar holiness to me. I never forgot it. I cannot forget it. There were two other tracts given to me at the same time, "Mary Scott" and "Ernest Tait." They were the Sunday school treasures of this lady when a child, who seemed to be putting with them now that they might go on with the good work below while she went above. It don't seem to me that there are such trials now. These imaginary children have been real children to me. A long time ago I named a little boy "Ernest Tait," and have longed for an opportunity to name a little girl "Mary Scott" in loving remembrance of these *perished* "Tracts" of childhood days, and the fair giver whose fair name was Fannie Gordon.

The following strange, pathetic story seems to have a place in this sketch.

THE WIDOW'S DREAM.

About the year 1820 there lived in the town of C—, far away in Maine, the widow E—, a God-fearing woman and a faithful mother to her family of six boys. Her husband had died during the previous year. He had left for the maintenance of his family a farm mortgaged for half its value, and a well patronized country tavern, with its indispensable accompaniment for

those days, a fully stocked bar, as indicated by the tall sign-post before the door. The elder sons could assist in the lighter work on the farm, but the heavier part of it had to be intrusted to hired men, which caused great expense. Had it not been for the income derived from the tavern the widow would have been unable to provide bread for her family and pay the interest on her mortgage; consequently she labored incessantly to keep the reparation of her house at the highest point.

The smaller boys were trained to spread and clear the tables and wash the dishes. One day while they were working in the dining-room, the mother heard a guest, a stout, coarse, red-faced and bleary-eyed man call Robbie, the ten-year old, to him.

"Here, my little man, drink this; it will make your eyes brighter than ever," said he, holding his nearly emptied glass to the boy's lips. Watching with a thrill of horror, the mother saw her boy, the brightest and most beautiful of her flock, drain the glass without hesitation.

She started forward to reprimand the stranger, but like a flash of light came the thought, "What right have I to supply another with the poison which I wish my boys to hate? And in keen distress of mind she called Robbie to her and bade him drink no more of the liquor.

But the scene haunted her, and hour after hour, as she went about her duties, she wrestled with the growing conviction that the trade in liquor was iniquitous. The picture of her boy's face contrasted with the debauched countenance of the stranger, presented, was constantly before her, and like the thrust of a sword in her heart was the thought, "If Robbie should ever grow to look like that!"

That night, while her household was quietly sleeping, the widow knelt in her room in an agony of supplication for the succor of heaven in her need. Not until the light of early dawn shone in the east did she lie down to rest with one last, weary plea on her lips, "Father, show me the way. If thou bid me cut down that sign-post I will, trusting thee to supply food for my little ones;" and then she slept.

That morning after prayers the widow called her children about her.

"Boys," said she, "I am doing an evil thing in selling liquor, and I shall do it no longer. Last night I asked the Lord to show me the right about it, and, my children, he has given me a sign in my sleep. I dreamed that I cut down the sign post and up from its trunk that I had left grew two beautiful ripe sheaves

of wheat so heavy with grain that they drooped almost to the earth. That is God's sign to me that we shall not want for bread if we cut down the post. Come, boys, who will strike the first blow?"

An hour later the news that widow E's sign-post was cut down had spread through the village. The widow was almost universally blamed for the act, and many were the prophecies of distress for her family in the future, but she went on her way with the calmness of faith.

Just seven days later the widow received a long letter from an uncle who was a prosperous merchant in a large city hundreds of miles away. In that letter he informed her that she should henceforth receive from him an annuity of two hundred and fifty dollars, the addition of which sum to her other income he hoped would supply all her needs.

In an ecstasy of gratitude to God the widow told the story to her wondering friends, and it has been handed down through two generations of her reverent descendants. Who shall deny that the widow's dream was, indeed, a "sign from heaven."—*Sunday School Herald*.

Oh, the influence of a Christian Mother I have always been thankful that I was the offspring of such a parent. We are told that there is nothing in a name. But there is a great deal in a mother. How I anticipated her when she sent me that little book containing a certain hymn with the request that I should "learn it." I give part of the hymn below as a daughter's tribute to a mother's faith: "While you're young." O! wont you be a Christian?

While you're young:
Don't count it will be better
To delay until later
But come over your Creator
While you're young

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DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my **Medical Discovery** come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my **Medical Discovery** cure all these? I don't know, unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th 1891.
Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no relief for two years, and I was advised to try your **Discovery**, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted catarrh. Last March I was taken with La Grippe, and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, then it struck me that your **Discovery** was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months ago my right eye became affected with black spots over the sight as did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your **Discovery** they all left my right eye but one; and, thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your **Medical Discovery**.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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Millions for Self and Mites for Christ.

God is gathering the wealth of the world into the hands of the Christian nations. A recent publication gives the following as a part of the vast resources of the United States:—Aggregate deposit in banks, \$3,000,000,000; annual agricultural products, \$2,000,000,000; annual profit in coal, iron, and manufactures, \$500,000,000; annual products of gold and silver mines, \$400,000,000; railroad earnings, \$250,000,000; making an aggregate of \$6,100,000,000 for these great leading industries of the nation. Were all the other industries of the nation added it would vastly swell this amount. Dr. Dorchester, who is recognized as an authority in religious statistics, estimates that the evangelical population of the United States embraces one-fifth of the entire population. If so, one-fifth of this vast income, or \$1,220,000,000, is within the control of the evangelical population. Yet the aggregate gifts of all the Protestant Churches for Home and Foreign Missions is only \$5,500,000. *Scribner's Statistical Atlas* for 1880 says the wealth of the United States is increasing at the rate of \$6,800,000 daily. This is \$2,482,000,000 every year. One-fifth of this gives to the Christian population an annual increase of wealth of \$496,400,000; yet out of this enormous increase of wealth it only consecrates \$5,500,000 to the work to which Christ gave his life. Our expenditures keep pace with the increase of our wealth. From the censuses of 1880 and other sources the following figures have been gathered: We expend as a people every year for kid gloves, \$25,000,000; for public education, \$85,000,000; for dress goods \$25,000,000; boots and shoes, \$196,000,000; cotton goods, \$210,000,000; woolen goods, \$237,000,000; meat, \$305,000,000; bread, \$505,000,000; tobacco, \$600,000,000; liquor, \$900,000,000; making an aggregate of \$3,186,000,000; and yet this great nation, which expends each year \$900,000,000 for liquor, has only \$5,500,000 to give to Christ for the spread of the gospel among the nations. Are we not exposing ourselves to the terrible arraignment Malachi brought against Israel, "Will a man rob God?" How stand the Christians with one fifth of the wealth of the nation at their command? May not our Master say

"I gave my life for thee;
What hast thou given for me?"
— *Raleigh Christian Advocate*

Live in the Light.

It is not possible to over-estimate the value of sunlight in living and sleeping rooms. Even rooms that are not occupied should be open to the

light and sun; there is an unwholesome odor in a room that is kept dark. The sun is a life-bringer as well as a disinfectant. It has been noticed in certain hospitals that the number of patients discharged cured from the sunny wards is four times as many as from the unlighted portions.

A clergyman suffering from sore throat which no treatment seemed to reach, was cured by moving from a dark study into a sunlit room. Rev. Dr. Blaikie, an English writer, says: "The principle is fully established that the absence of sunlight is a cause of disease, and the presence of sunlight a means of cure." We once visited a person who apparently was near death. She had to move. We thought the fatigue and exposure would kill her. With fear and trembling we called a few days after. To our amazement she met us at the door. No explanation could be given but that she had exchanged a dark and dismal apartment for a light and cheerful one.—*Laws of Life*.

A Preacher Watched.

Bro. Clements, let me say a few words to your readers about watching preachers. This is a custom that has long existed. To watch a preacher has existed as a custom so long that some regard the privilege as a duty. Old preachers are watched, and, of course, young ones may expect to be, and I find myself to be no exception. On Christmas morning 'the time when many bear watching' I found awaiting my reception a nice gold watch. The leaders, in the watch movement, were Misses Cora Ingle, Hattie Turrentine, Eva May, and Mammie Fonville. I think your readers will believe me when I say that I am very thankful for being watched in such a substantial way, and am determined so to employ my time as not to object to the next watching that I receive.

C. C. PEEL.

Politeness.

Never be economical with politeness. It pays to be courteous, especially to children and servants, who catch your tone and manner, and reveal you to your friends in a way that you hardly dream of as possible. The manner of good society does not denote or imply inincerity, nor need the sincere person be brusque or boorish. Tact is a gift worth striving for, if it has been denied to that unsatisfactory, being the "natural man." Indeed, the natural man or woman is not always the most agreeable of associates. It is the disciplined, cultivated man or woman whom we enjoy meeting, and are generally the better for living with.—*Exchange*.

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Raleigh, N. C.

"Where There's A Will There's A Way."

"I will either find a way; or I will make one," said a sturdy Roman, who had made up his mind to a certain course of conduct.

"Is the route practicable?" asked the first Napoleon of an engineer officer, who had been sent forward to explore the way over the Alps. "Scarcely possible to be passed," responded the officer, but the army, artillery and all, was marched over that route all the same.

Some years ago a member of my church sought an interview with me at my study. He was anxious to explain the fact that for some months past he had paid nothing to the support of the church. He "did not want the brethren to think hard of him; for he was really very much embarrassed in his circumstances, and was not able to pay." I asked him, "Do you expect sensible business men to believe that a man who can spend twenty dollars a year in smoking tobacco, and then pay a dollar to see Joe Jefferson act 'Rip Van Winkle,' cannot pay ten dollars a year to the support of his church?" His answer was striking. "No," said he; "but, Bro. Hiden, I am obliged to have my smoking tobacco." Certainly: and he did not feel that he was obliged to have his religion. He found a way to pay for what he felt that he could not do without. It is a delusion to suppose that slavery has been abolished in this country.

A member of my church who lived only a few rods from our house of worship, had not been to church for a year. Whenever I visited her she had some apparently valid excuse for her absence. About the end of the year, after hearing as many excuses as I had the grace to listen to, I said one day when on a pastoral visit, "Let me ask you one question: If you had known that you would find a ten-dollar gold piece every time you went, don't you think you would have managed somehow to get to church some times during the past twelve months?" She answered candidly: "Yes, I think I should." I then suggested that "it was a sorry sort of religion that was not worth ten dollars." After this she discovered that she could come to church and did come accordingly.

It would astonish many honest folks, if they would really and critically look into the matter, to find how large a proportion of all their excuses would resolve themselves into a lack of will.

"I have not time." This usually means that you prefer to occupy your time in some other way. You

have all the time that there is. It would be impossible for you to have more.

"I am too tired after the wearing work of the week, and I need Sunday to rest." But people who work just as hard, and just as long as you do, find, after trying it, that the most restful way in which they can spend the Sunday is *not* to lounge around the house all day in their working clothes, but to dress themselves decently and go to church.

"Well, but I have no decent clothes; and I don't want to appear in such as I have."

Don't you "appear" on the street? And do you not meet on the street more people than you will see at church? Besides, if you will go to church on Sunday night, or to the Wednesday night prayer-meeting, you will probably find divers people no better dressed than yourself, and they will enjoy the service just as much as if they were dressed in silk and broadcloth.

"I am employed by the railroad, and have to work all day Sunday." But people, who are no better off than you, *can not* be employed by a soulless corporation to wreck their souls and bodies by working all day Sunday. They manage to find some other way of living. Have they more sense than you have? Probably not; but they have a *will*, and they find a way. — *Central Baptist.*

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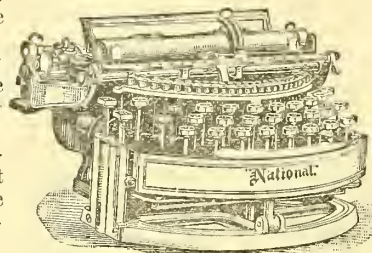
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Our Lord's Damson Trees.

Three years ago last spring, Sister "B" of Platte County, Mo., had ten thrifty damson trees in her garden, all clothed in beautiful white bloom and full of the promise of much fruit. One morning while walking among these trees and admiring their beauty, she decided to dedicate three of the best of them to the Lord. She set apart the tallest and strongest one for general benevolent work, and appointed herself the Lord's steward to use the proceeds of this tree in such a manner as the greatest possible good might be accomplished. The second of the tallest and best of the trees, she dedicated to the Lord's work as represented by Brother Ely in the endowment of William Jewell College. The third a short, stout, bushy tree, she dedicated to the Lord's work as represented by Brother Black in Ministerial Education.

The first year the fruit of these trees brought six dollars to each of these interests. The second year the trees were threatened with blight and falling off of the fruit before maturity. For days and weeks the prayer of Sister "B" was, "O Lord spare the fruit of thine own trees." So it came to pass, that when the fruit was gathered that the three dedicated trees yielded more fruit than all the other seven. The fruit was extra fine that year, and sold for four dollars per bushel, bringing in an average of five dollars for each tree.

This year the crop was large, and damsons being more plentiful the price was lower, only two dollars per bushel, but the proceeds were equal to last year, five dollars for each tree. It will be seen that that aggregate proceeds of these three dedicated trees for three years, has been forty-eight dollars.

Sister B. is growing old now, and well soon have to commit the care of these sacred trees to other hands, realizing this fact she has requested her daughter and a little grand-son to take care of them after she has gone home, and see that the proceeds of the fruit shall every year be applied to the Lord's work, just as it is being done now, and she enjoys the confident assurance that the fruit of this planting and cultivation for the Lord, will continue to multiply and increase long after these trees are dead, and she and Brother Black and Brother Ely have ceased from their labors and gone to their reward. The trees will die and the workers will die, but the work of the Lord endureth forever. Like Himself it is immortal.

I am persuaded that multitudes of the Lord's people might enlarge their usefulness and promote their joy, by following the example of this good

sister in dedicating some of their best and most fruitful things to God.—L. B. Ely, in Central Baptist.

Executor's Notice.

Having qualified as Executor of Mrs Rachel M. Ferrell, deceased, I hereby notify all persons having claims against her estate to present them to me for settlement on or before the 17th day of December, 1892.

J. H. FLEMING,
Executor.

Raleigh, Dec. 8th, 1891.

W. S. LONG, Jr.,
DENTIST,
Elcn College, N.C

E. E. HOLLAND,
ATTORNEY at LAW
SUFFOLK, VA.
COURTS — Nansemond, Isle of Wight, and Southampton Counties.

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Richmond and Danville Railroad Company.

Condensed Schedule
In Effect November 26 1891.

SOUTH BOUND.		No. 9.	DAILY	No. 11.
Lv	Richmond,	a3 00 p m		a3 20 a m
"	Burkeville,	7 10 p m		5 51 a m
"	Keyssville,	5 53 p m		5 51 a m
Ar	Danville,	8 10 p m		8 05 a m
"	Greensboro,	10 30 p m		10 12 a m

Lv	Goldsboro,	a12 15 p m		† 1 35 p m
Ar	Raleigh,	1 45 p m		5 45 p m

Lv	Raleigh,	a6 40 p m		a3 05 a m
"	Durham,	7 45 p m		5 07 a m
Ar	Greensboro,	10 15 p m		9 40 a m

Lv	Winston-Salem,	† 8 40 p m		a8 50 a m
"	Greensboro,	a10 40 p m		a10 20 a m
Ar	Salisbury,	12 32 a m		12 57 p m

"	Statesville,	a1 52 a m		a1 09 p m
"	Asheville,	6 55 a m		5 59 p m
"	Hot Springs,	8 56 a m		7 44 p m

Lv	Salisbury,	a12 40 a m		a12 05 p m
Ar	Charlotte,	2 00 a m		1 30 p m
"	Spartanburg,	5 00 a m		4 27 p m
"	Greenville,	6 10 a m		5 34 p m
"	Atlanta,	12 20 p m		11 45 a m

Lv	Charlotte,	a2 10 a m		a1 50 p m
Ar	Columbia,	6 07 a m		5 59 p m
Ar	Augusta,	9 30 a m		9 15 p m

NORTH BOUND.		No. 10.	DAILY	No.
Lv	Augusta,	a7 00 p m		a2 00 p m
"	Columbia,	10 50 p m		5 05 p m
Ar	Charlotte,	3 05 a m		9 00 p m

Lv	Atlanta,	a8 50 p m		a10 10 a m
Ar	Charlotte,	6 40 a m		8 50 p m
"	Salisbury,	8 27 a m		11 00 p m

Lv	Hot Springs	a5 26 p m		a12 39 p m
"	Asheville,	2 40 p m		4 25 p m
"	Statesville,	7 07 p m		9 17 p m
Ar	Salisbury,	8 00 a m		10 12 p m

Lv	Salisbury,	a8 37 a m		a11 08 p m
Ar	Greensboro,	10 20 a m		12 42 a m

"	Winston-Salem,	a11 40 a m		† 2 20 p m
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Lv	Greensboro,	a10 30 a m		a1 00 a m
Ar	Durham,	12 32 p m		5 07 a m
"	Raleigh,	1 25 p m		7 29 a m

Lv	Raleigh,	a3 30 p m		† 8 05 a m
Ar	Goldsboro,	3 05 p m		12 20 p m

Lv	Greensboro,	a10 30 a m		a12 50 a m
Ar	Danville,	12 00 p m		2 35 a m
"	Keyssville,	2 52 p m		5 02 a m
"	Burkeville,	3 37 p m		5 43 a m
"	Richmond,	5 30 p m		7 40 a m

† Daily except Sunday. a or *Daily.

Between West Point and Richmond.

Leave West Point 7.50 a m daily and 8.50 a m daily except Sunday and Monday; arrive Richmond 9.10 and 10.40 a m. Returning leave Richmond 3.00 p m and 4.40 p m; arrive West Point 6.00 and 6.00 p m.

Richmond & Raleigh via Keysville.

Leave Richmond 2.00 p m daily; Keysville 6.00 p m; arrive Oxford 8.03 p m; return 9.15 p m. Durham 9.35 p m Raleigh 10.46 p m. Returning leave Raleigh 9.30 a m daily, Durham 9.35 a m, Henderson 10.40 a m, arrive at Keysville 2.10 p m, Richmond 6.17 p m. Through coach between Richmond and Raleigh.

Mixed trains leave Keysville daily except Sunday 9.10 a m; arrives Durham 6.50 p m. Leaves Durham 7.1 a m daily except Sunday, arrives Oxford 9.10 a m. Leaves Durham 7.30 p m daily except Sunday at Keysville 2.10 a m. Lv Oxford 3.00 a m daily except Sunday; arrive Durham 5.05 a m.

Additional train leaves Oxford daily except Sunday 12.45 a m, arrive Henderson 1.35 p m., returning leave Henderson 6.40 and 9.40 p m. daily except Sunday, arrive Oxford 3.35 p m.

Washington and Southwestern Vestibuled Limited operated between Washington and Atlanta daily, leaves Washington 10.50 p m., Danville 5.40 p m., Greensboro 7.00 p m., Salisbury 8.18 p m., Charlotte 9.35 p m., arrives Atlanta 2.25 a m. Returning, leave Atlanta 1.25 p m., Charlotte 9.20 p m., Salisbury 10.32 p m., Greensboro 12.03 p m; arrives Danville 1.30 a m., Lynchburg 3.35 a m., Washington 8.38 a m.

No. 9, leaving Goldsboro 3.45 p m. and Raleigh 6.00 p m. daily, makes connection at Durham with No. 40, leaving at 7.30 p m. daily, except Sunday for Oxford, and Keysville.

Nos. 9 and 10 connect at Richmond from and to West Point and Baltimore daily except Sunday.

SLEEPING-CAR SERVICE

On Trains 9 and 10, Pullman Buffet Sleeper between Atlanta and New York Danville and Augusta, and Raleigh via Asheville, to Knoxville, Tenn.

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RALEIGH AND GASTON RAILROAD

in effect Sunday Dec. 1890

TRAINS MOVING NORTH.

34	38
Pass.	Pas. and Mail.
Daily.	Daily ex. Sund.
Leave Raleigh,	5 00 p m 11 25 a m
Mill Brook,	5 15 11 47
Wake,	5 39 12 05
Fra. kinton,	6 01 12 26
Kittrell,	6 19 12 44
Henderson,	6 36 1 00
Warren Plains,	7 14 1 59
Macon,	7 22 1 46
Arrive Weldon,	8 50 2 45 p m

TRAINS MOVING SOUTH.

41	45
Pass. and Mail	Pass.
Daily ex. Sun.	Daily
Leave Weldon, 12 15 p m	6 00 a m
Macon, 1 13	7 06
Warren Plains, 1 20 p m	7 15
Henderson, 2 22	7 53
Kitrell, 2 39	8 11
Franklinton, 2 56	8 29
Wake, 3 17	8 50
Mill Brook, 3 40	9 15
Arrive Raleigh, 3 55	9 30

LOUISBURG RAILROAD.

Leaves Louisburg at 7.35 a m., 2.00 p m. Arr. at Franklinton at 8.10 a m., 2.10 p m. Arr. at Franklinton at 12.30 p m., 6.05 p m. Arr. at Louisburg at 1.05 p m., 6.40 p m. JOHN C. WINDER, Gen'l Manager. Wm. Smith, Superintendent.

RALEIGH AND LIA RAILROAD
LINE in effect 9.5a m Su
Dec 7, 1890

Going South.

NO. 41	NO 5
Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger.
Leave Raleigh 4 00 p m	8 35 a m
Cary, 4 15	9 20
Merry Oaks, 4 54	10 28
Moncure, 5 05	11 10
Sanford, 5 23	12 10
Cameron, 5 54	1 20
Southern Pines, 6 21	5 35
Arrive Hamlet, 7 20 p m	8 10 p m
Leave " 7 40 p m	
" Ghio 7 59 p m	
Arrive Gibson 8 15 p m	

Going North.

NO. 38	NO 40
Passenger & Mail.	Freight & Passenger
Leave Gibson 7 00 a m	a m
Leave Ghio, 7 18	
Arrive Hamlet, 7 38	
Leave " 8 00	
Southern Pines, 8 58	7 40
Cameron, 9 26	9 31
Sanford, 9 52	10 55
Moncure, 10 16	12 10 p m
Merry Oaks, 10 26	1 50
Cary, 11 01	2 40
Arrive Raleigh, 11 20 a m	3 50

PITTSBORO ROAD.

Lv. Pittsboro at 9.10 a. m. 4.00 p m
arr at Moncure at 9.55 a. m. 4.45 p m
Lv Moncure at 10.25 a. m. 5.10 p m
arr at Pittsboro at 11.19 a. m. 5.55 p m

CARTHAGE RAILROAD.

Lv Carthage at 8.00 a. m. 3.45 p m
arr at Cameron at 8.35 a. m. 4.20 p m
Lv Cameron at 9.35 a. m. 6.00 p m
arr at Carthage at 10.10 a. m. 6.35 p m

News.

North Carolina.

—The cruiser "Raleigh" will be launched in a short time at Norfolk, Va.

—Labor agents are making a vigorous effort to carry laborers out of the State to the turpentine fields of Georgia.

—The papers have it that Ex-President Cleveland and his wife will visit friends in Wilmington at no distant date.

The National Bank of Newbern, said to be one of the soundest in the State, has declared its forty-fourth annual dividend.

—Union county claims the finest court house in the State, and is going to make an effort to build a jail in keeping with it.

—A fight in regard to liquor licenses has been going on between the county commissioners of Mecklenburg county and the Board of Aldermen of Charlotte.

—Mt. Airy commenced the New year with a \$100,000 fire. Many of the leading business houses were reduced to ashes. Several persons were injured. Most of the property was partly insured, and will be rebuilt in a few months.

Virginia.

—There are 1,800 workmen employed in the Portsmouth navy-yard at present.

—Staunton proposes to erect a bronze statue in honor of John Lewis, the founder of the city, to cost \$8,000.

—It is reported that a party of English capitalists who recently made a tour of Southwest Virginia have determined to expend \$100,000 in the erection of new buildings at Radford.

—According to the recent report of the President of the Board of Trustees of Lee Camp, No. 1 Confederate Veterans, there are at present in the Lee Camp Confederate Home, at Richmond, 119 inmates.

—The Norfolk *Virginian* says: "It is plain that the Legislature cannot reauthorize with the oyster question, because it is also plain that Virginia's oyster supply is diminishing rapidly. If this loss continues it will not be many years before the oyster will be as scarce as the dodo."

—Remarking on the increasing business activity at Roanoke, the *Times* of that city says: "It is safe to figure that during 1892 the pay rolls of the various industries in Roanoke will average \$100,000 a month. Wages, salaries and other disbursements of the Norfolk and Western at this point will average not less than

\$50,000 a month, and the salaries, wages, and earnings of several thousand clerks, employees and artisans through the city will foot up not less than another \$100,000. A quarter of a million dollars a month will be thrown into the channels of trade in Roanoke during 1892."

FOR RENT.

A two story brick store house 27x50 feet, at Elon College, N. C., good location, glass front, terms reasonable. For information write to
JOHN A. TROLINGER,
HAW RIVER, N. C.

Married

At six o'clock p. m. on the 28th of Dec. 1891, at the residence of the bride's father, Hon. David Champion of Worth Co., Ga., Miss Emma Champion was wedded to Prof. A. P. Fuquay of Raleigh, N. C. Mr. Fuquay has been in Georgia only a few years, but has won for himself an enviable reputation as an educator. He is now Principal of the Doles Institute. His lovely bride basks in the highest circles of society. The groom has won a prize, that we hope will ever be a charm to sweeten his existence during his life of usefulness.

A FRIEND.

On Dec. 24, 1891, at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lititia Boon, in East Burlington, N. C., by Rev. C. C. Peel, Miss Rebecca V. Boon to Mr. Thos. E. McKeel. Best wishes of many friends go with the newly united pair as they begin life for themselves.

C. C. PEEL.

Memorial.

WHEREAS, God in his wise providence, Dec. 6, 1891, took from earth Samuel M. the little son of Rev. J. M. Winston, once the idol of his fond parents, now doubtless mingling his voice with the angels in heaven. Therefore be it resolved—

1st, That we bow in humble submission to Him that doeth all things well

2nd, That we extend our sympathies to the bereaved family and commend them to God, who chasteneth in love and comforteth in affliction.

3rd, That a copy of this tribute of our high esteem be entered upon the records of our Lodge of Odd Fellows; a copy be sent the bereaved family, and sent the *CHRISTIAN SUN* for publication.

S. B. KLAPP,
P. R. HATLEY,
W. T. YOUNG,
Committee.

Died.

Dec. 20th, near Morton's Store, N. C., in her 80th year, Mrs. Martha

Gilliam. Sister Gilliam was about the oldest member of Bethlehem church.

Dec. 21st, in the same community Mrs. Margaret A. Kermode. Another worthy member of Bethlehem church. May the Lord bless the bereaved

JEREMIAH W. HOLT.

The Preacher's Magazine ranks in excellence and value as the first of homiletical monthlies. There is so much wisdom shown in the introduction of matter essential for the student's and preacher's use, that the magazine is an indispensable aid. The first number (January) of the new year is rich in its table of contents and the sermon and variety of other matter make it a choice issue. The sermon by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse (its editor) on "The Blessedness of Trust" is a timely and trenchant one. The discourse by Rev. C. J. Vaughan on "Whence come the Saints?" is eminently instructive and pointed. The sketches of sermons which each number of the *Preacher's Magazine* contains, present a most attractive agency to assist and stimulate thought and practical sermonizing. The new volume which commences with this number is to be one of superior attractiveness and merit. Every preacher should take it as also students and teachers. The publisher assures us that last year's volume, neatly bound, can now be secured. It is a treasure to those who instruct in holy things. Published monthly at \$1.50 per year. Single copy, 15 cents. *Warner B. Ketchum, Publisher, 2 Cooper Union New York.*

Must the American Sunday go? That is the point to which this controversy has now been pushed. This is what the World's Fair Commissioners have to decide. *Christianity World.*

If those who are searching after "a sure cure for drunkenness" would quit drink while they are looking for it, they would find it. *Chicago Mail.*

New Sleeping Car Line Between
Washington, D. C., and
Augusta, Ga.

The Richmond & Danville R. R. Co., is now operating Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car Line between Washington, D. C. and Augusta, Ga., on the following schedule:—

120	parley Washington D. C.	ar 11 50 am
7 45	am " Charlotte, V.	" 7 40 "
8 35	" Lynchburg Va.	" 5 42 "
8 50	" Danville Va.	" 2 35 "
11 20	" Greensboro N. C.	" 12 45 "
1 30	am " " N. C.	" 9 00 pm
6 15	" Columbia S. C.	" 4 55 "
9 5	ar Augusta Ga.	lv 2 00 "

A Father's Worry.

Your poor wearied wife losing sleep night after night nursing the little one suffering from that night fiend to children and horror to parents. CROUP, should have a bottle of Taylor's Cherry-Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein, an undoubted croup preventive and cure for coughs, cold and consumption.

People!

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GROCERIES

CAN'T DO

BETTER

THAN TO BUY FROM

W. B. MANN & CO.,
RALEIGH, N. C.



OFFICE OF YORK ENTERPRISE
YORKVILLE S. C., Aug. 14, '91
ATLANTIC ELECTROPOISE—Gentleman; For the past five years my wife has been suffering from dyspepsia. So completely did the disease make a wreck of her former self that life was almost despaired of. Her nervous system was almost entirely destroyed, and the slightest noise would throw her into a nervous spasm, which would last for hours. Medical skill failed to bring any relief. Through the recommendation of an eminent divine we were induced to try the Electropoise. After a persistent use of the instrument, the effect has been wonderful. Her nervous system has been restored to its almost normal condition; her digestion is wonderfully improved; she is rapidly gaining in flesh; and, in short, the whole, is making a rapid recovery, which speaks volumes for the wonderful curative powers of the Electropoise, as her case was considered hopeless. If any are skeptical on the subject, let them try the Electropoise, and its wonderful powers will quickly dispel all doubt.
Yours truly, W. M. PROBERT.

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An elegant assortment of Ladies and Gents Gold and Silver Watches, and anything else you may want in the Jewelry line.

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OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.
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